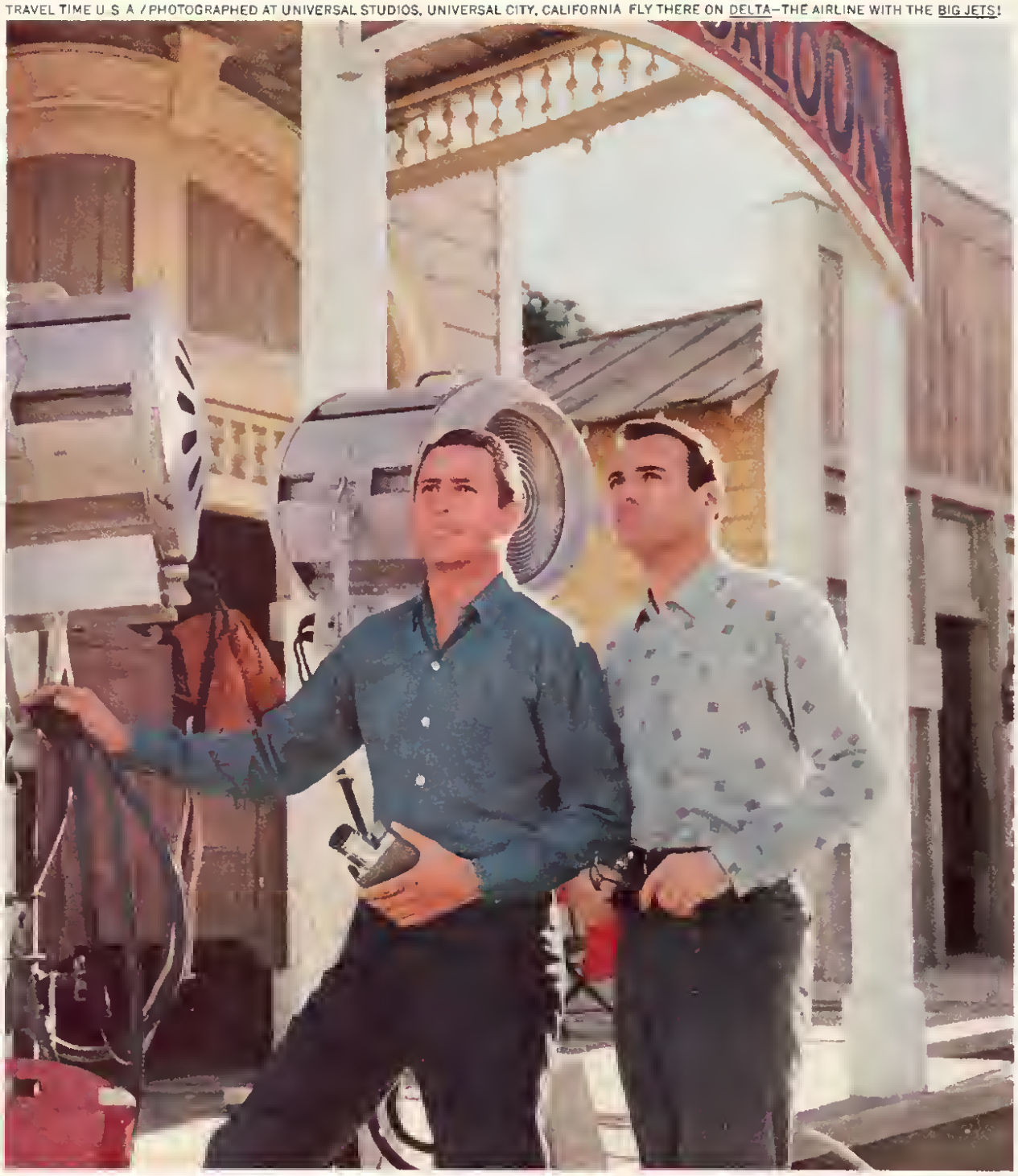
Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 22, 1962 25 CENTS

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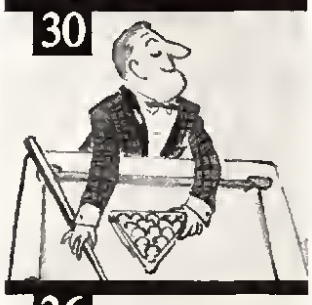
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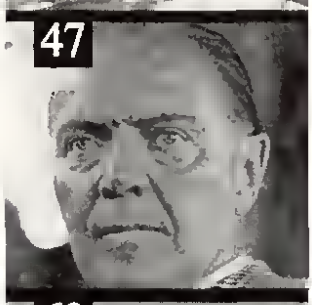














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Next week

LIFE CAN BE HARD when you quarterback a young pro club. Tex Maule describes, color photographs show what can happen when Minnesota's Fran Tarkenton drops back to pass.

AS PRO BASKETBALL begins a new season, William Leggett discovers an NBA dynasty abuilding in the West, and adds scouting reports that predict who'll finish where.

BUMP RACING is the way rowers compete at Oxford. It is hilariously described by Rhodes Scholar Allan Seager, who once manned an Oriel oar in snow, ennui and agony.

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SHOPWALK

Take up fencing if you want to have fun while getting into top condition

Fencing, once considered a comic imitation of sport essentially practiced by the Three Musketeers and Douglas Fairbanks, has developed a new public acceptance in the past 10 years. Fencers have been saying all along that theirs is one of the best ways of attaining good physical condition. Like any number of other sports, fencing demands technical skill, good footwork, timing, mobility, speed and poise. And it keeps the body (and mind) alert and active without undue physical strain. Most important, however, it is one of the few sports in which age doesn't kill ability—the current national champions range in age from 22 to 45.

There are over 250,000 active fencers in the U.S., and each year 10,000 more people start taking lessons in one of the thousands of fencing clubs, groups or school programs around the country. Because the latter is the greatest source of future fencing champions, a Junior Olympic program has also been set up to help provide coaches for fencing classes in even more schools.

Partly because of a lack of interest in fencing and partly because of a lack of qualified instructors, the U.S. has never won an Olympic gold medal in fencing events. In the 1960 Games only one U.S. fencer earned a medal, and that was a bronze in the men's foil competition. After the Hungarian revolt in 1956, however, a number of that country's skilled fencers emigrated to the U.S. As a result, there now are some excellently qualified instructors available and U.S. medal chances in the 1964 Olympics are considerably improved, especially in the sabre events.

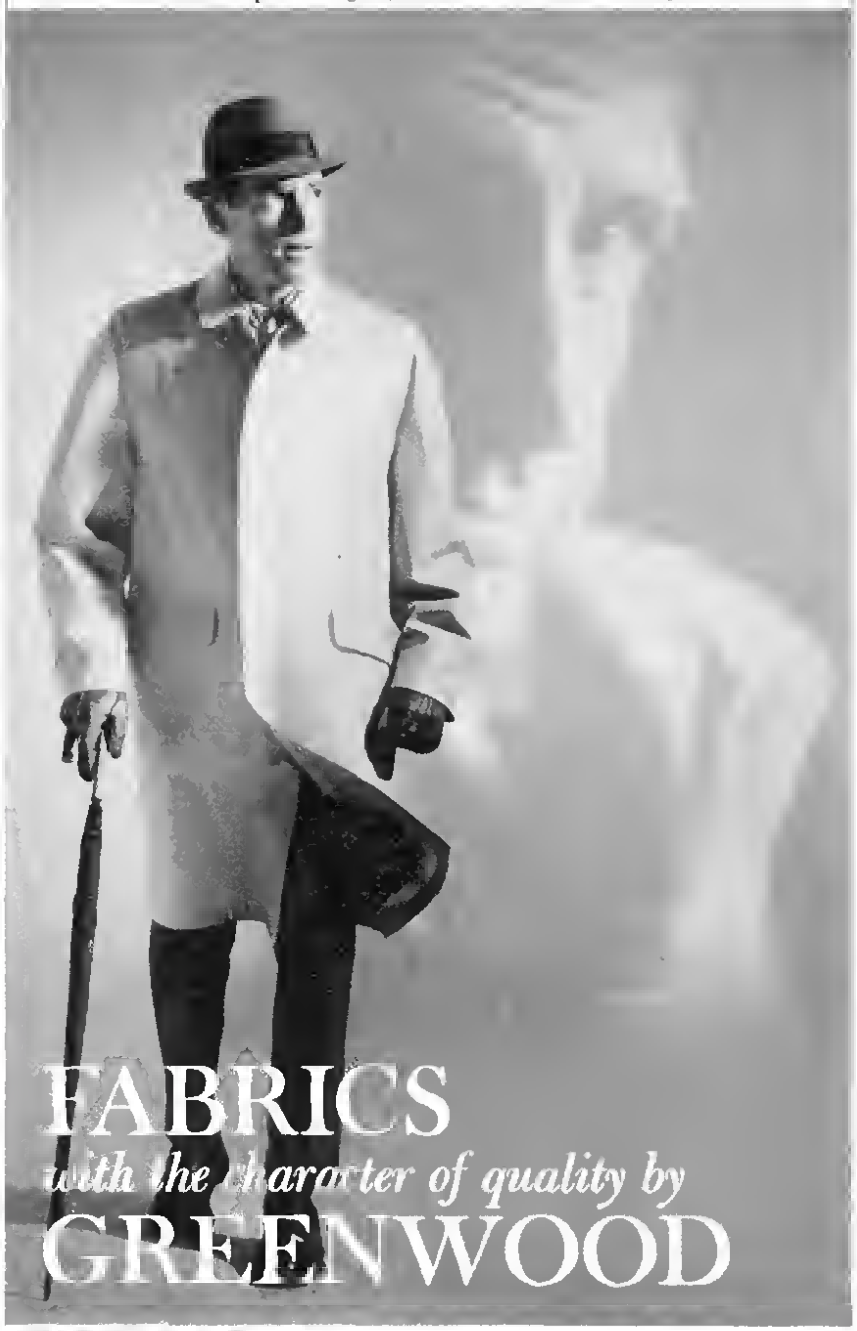
Fencing is a "taught" rather than an instinctive sport, so the earlier it is learned the better, but at whatever age it is mastered it still provides fine exercise, discipline and recreation. It can be taken up inexpensively—either as a group activity or as a friendly two-man competition. A beginner can outfit himself (or herself) with basic equipment for about $25, investing in a French foil ($5), wire mask ($6.50), practice jacket ($9) and a foil glove ($4).

Fencing apparel (masks, uniforms, gloves) and accessories (equipment bags, bib cloths) are manufactured in the U.S., but the weapons are usually imported, as is the expensive electrical equipment used in épée and foil events. The two major manufacturers and importers of fencing equipment are Castello Fencing Equipment Co., Inc. (30 East 10th Street, New York City), the largest outfitter in the U.S., and George Santelli, Inc. (412 Sixth Avenue, New York City). The former is run by brothers Hugo and James Castello, who are fencing experts in their own right. Hugo is the fencing coach

continued

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at New York University and has been selected as coach of the 1963 Pan American Games. He is also national co-chairman of the Junior Olympic fencing program. James has been electrical weapons armorer for both national and world competitions. George Santelli, the finest sabre fencer in Europe as a youth and the U.S. Olympic fencing team coach from 1928 to 1952, operates an equally fine, slightly more expensive equipment establishment, plus a celebrated fencing school, Salle Santelli.

Once a beginner becomes proficient enough to require a standard fencing outfit, he merely adds items to his original investment. A man needs a regulation jacket ($14 at Castello) and trousers ($10); and a woman, a foil jacket ($12.80) and trousers ($9.25). Custom-fitted jackets and trousers cost a few dollars more. Although fencing apparel is traditionally white, there have been a few special orders—mostly by women—in color.

Three Types of Weapons

When a fencer passes the beginner stage, he generally is hooked by the sport and needs more specialized equipment and accessories, not to mention replacements for broken blades. Men's fencing includes three types of weapons, foil, épée (dueling swords) and sabre, each with its own set of competitive rules and its own outfit. Épée, the classic form of fencing, is also the most expensive. Since the target area in épée is the whole body of the fencer, he must be fully protected. His uniform has to be made of heavy material (14-oz. duck as opposed to 10½ for foil and sabre), which costs about $25. His weapon is larger and heavier than the foil or sabre and thus costs a few dollars more (the more expensive épées have "pistol grips," or metal prongs on the handle to allow greater control and strength of parry, and cost about $9.50). And if he engages in any serious competition he has to acquire an electrical weapon ($14.50) and accessories to go with the signaling sets used in judging all épée competition.

Épée fencing is the only competitive sport that is scored completely by a machine. At one time four judges and a director were needed to determine whether or not a touch was made and which fencer had made first contact. Now there is an electronic signaling set attached by reels and wires to the fencers and their weapons that automatically records the hits by means of a lighting system. An excellent set, made by Leon Paul of London, is available at both Castello and Santelli for $250.

For young children Castello carries a line of small-size regulation equipment, including mask, practice jacket, glove and weapons with 32-inch blades (a standard foil blade is 35 inches). Price of a complete child's foil outfit: $21.90.

—MARY ANN GOULD

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Last Round for Bummy

Al Davis was known as a mean fighter in the ring and in the streets—and his final fight was the meanest of all

by IRVING RUDD

Willie and Charlie Beecher's Gym was located back of a poolroom on Livonia Avenue in the Brownsville section in Brooklyn. It was a prizefight gym where Bummy Davis, Lou Feldman, Bernie (Schoolboy) Friedkin and half a hundred other ring figures first learned their trade. For over 20 years its walls echoed the drum fire of punching bags and the thud of falling bodies and it smelled of sweat and liniment. Now it is no more. About 10 years ago the poolroom changed hands. The fellow who bought it had no interest in boxing and he wanted more room for more tables. So the fighters had to move out.

The Brownsville section was a melting pot like the lower East Side, a pushcart and pickle-barrel marketplace, an area that is known to most people as the home ground of Murder, Inc. But Danny Kaye and Phil Silvers came from Brownsville, as did lots of doctors, lawyers and legitimate businessmen.

Charlie Beecher was a good featherweight boxer in the era of Johnny Kilbane. Brother Willie was a topnotch lightweight just before the rise of Benny Leonard. They were both good teachers of boxers, but the presiding genius of the gym in its heyday was a character called Froike. His real name was Benjamin Katz, but he had boxed under the name of Frankie Kane and Froike is the Yiddish equivalent of Frankie. At least 10,000 kids must have passed through the gym. Every boy who grew up in the neighborhood was in Beecher's at sometime or another, either trying to be a fighter or trying to manage fighters, or training them or just watching them.

To get to Froike you approached the dingy building in the shadows of the Livonia Avenue El and scurried up the stairs past the pool tables and characters like Benny Toomel, Fats Yerna, Smoke, Mousey and Munis the Shylock. You always wore your long pants because if you wore knickers you were sure to get the bounce; kids weren't allowed in the poolroom.

Froike could have been a rich man. There's no telling how much money he could have made because he had from the beginning many good fighters who went on to Madison Square Garden main-event stardom. He could have kept them and made a lot of money with them, or he could have sold them, keeping a small piece of their earnings.

But Froike was a simple man. He always felt that in the boxing game he was a small man and he looked with awe on managers like Joe Jacobs, Hymie Caplin and Pete Reilly. When he realized that he had a promising fighter he would tell one of the famous managers about the prospect.

"Take him," he would say. "Maybe he will be a great fighter someday. I can't do any more for him. He needs a manager like you."

The only fighter he stuck with long enough to work his corner in Madison Square Garden before being squeezed out was Al (Bummy) Davis. Davis had a formidable left hook, which earned him many thousands of dollars. It didn't make him popular though. He was one of the most hated main-eventers ever to fight at the Garden.

Froike started to teach Bummy boxing when Davis was about 13 years old. Amateur boxing had a tremendous following, especially in Brooklyn, with places like the Trinity Club, Knights of Columbus and Golden City Park in Carnarsie. As in the case of Walker Smith (Sugar Ray Robinson), the borrowing of an older boy's baptism certificate in order to get an AAU card was a common practice. When he was not quite 15 years old, more than a year under the legal requirement, Albert Abraham Davidoff climbed into the ring and was introduced as Giovanni Pasconi, unattached, 126 pounds. As Pasconi, he won a lot of bouts by knockouts. He got his nickname of "Bummy" after an AAU inspector heard him in a Yiddish conversation with his father. (Abraham in Yiddish is Ahvroom, which was corrupted to Boomy and then Bummy.)

As a pro Davis knocked out one opponent after another. He began to attract a tremendous following and was soon boxing star bouts as a lightweight. A meeting between Davis and Schoolboy Friedkin, who had preceded Bummy into the pro ranks by a couple of years,

continued

was arranged. Friedkin also had a large following, and the biggest single event for the entire Brownsville neighborhood until the U.S. entered World War II was the night in 1938 when the pair met at the Garden. They were first matched to box outdoors in Dexter Park. It rained on one Monday night and was postponed. It rained again and again, and the fans were roused to a tremendous pitch of suspense.

Mike Jacobs bought the ready-made attraction from Johnny Attell, the Dexter Park promoter, and put it on at the Garden. Bummy was not old enough to box over six rounds but Davis vs. Friedkin topped the card. Everybody from Brownsville who possibly could be there was jammed into the gallery.

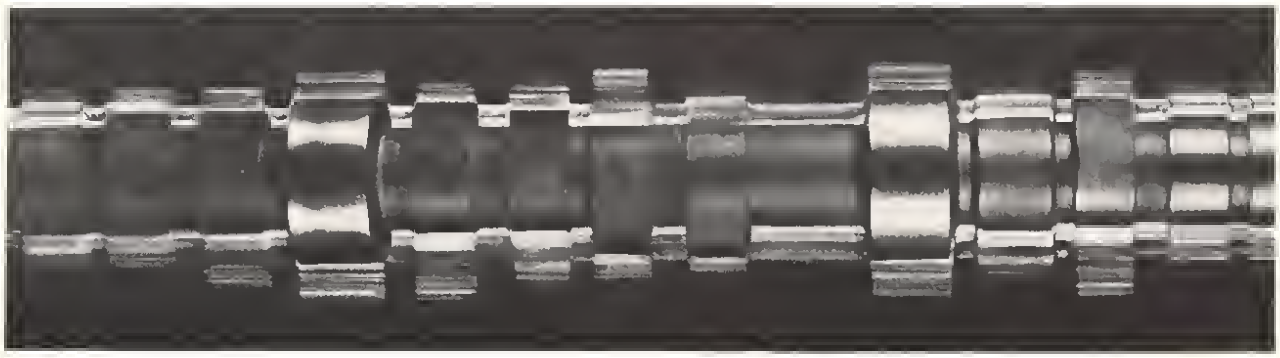
Davis didn't need six rounds anyway. Friedkin briskly outboxed him in the first round and the second round was maybe even. Bummy was stronger and midway into the fourth round he looped a left hook to Friedkin's jaw to knock him out. Davis was on his way to loads of money, bad press notices, some good wins, a couple of frightful shellackings—and death at the age of 25.

Always with him along the way, however, was his reputation as a mean fighter. Davis fought in the ring as he did on the sidewalks of Brownsville when he was growing up and he occasionally forgot the rules. He finally went too far the night he met Fritzie Zivic in what the *New York Times* called "one of the most disgraceful exhibitions in the history of boxing." After Zivic jabbed him in the eye with his thumb at the start of the second round, Bummy went berserk and punched Zivic below the belt ten times before the referee disqualified him.

Despite this display, Froike always championed and excused Davis. "Bummy wasn't a bad kid," he once said. "He was really a good kid, but his life was mixed up and nothing ever worked out right for him. They put him in with Tony Canzoneri, which they shouldn't have done, because Tony had been a great champion but now he was washed up. And when Bummy knocked Canzoneri out everyone hated him.

"Bummy belted a guy in a candy store even though I think the guy was asking for it. Then came his dirty, foul fight with Zivic at the Garden. Everything went wrong for him right down to the night four stickup guys walked into the bar that Bummy had just sold to his pal Dudy. No local hood would of thought of sticking up what had been Bummy's joint. The tough guys knew him and respected him and the joint was off limits. But some out-of-towners have to come and Bummy told them they shouldn't stick up Dudy. You know the rest."

One of the gunmen told Davis—in very offensive language—to mind his own business and to get over to the wall and put his hands up. No man talked to Bummy Davis like that and got away with it. So the graceful left hook made an arc through the air accurately for the last time. The stickup man dropped, his jaw broken in two or three places, but he held onto his gun. He retaliated with a slug that pierced Bummy's throat. The gunmen lammed out the door with Davis going right after them. He died outside on the sidewalk. END



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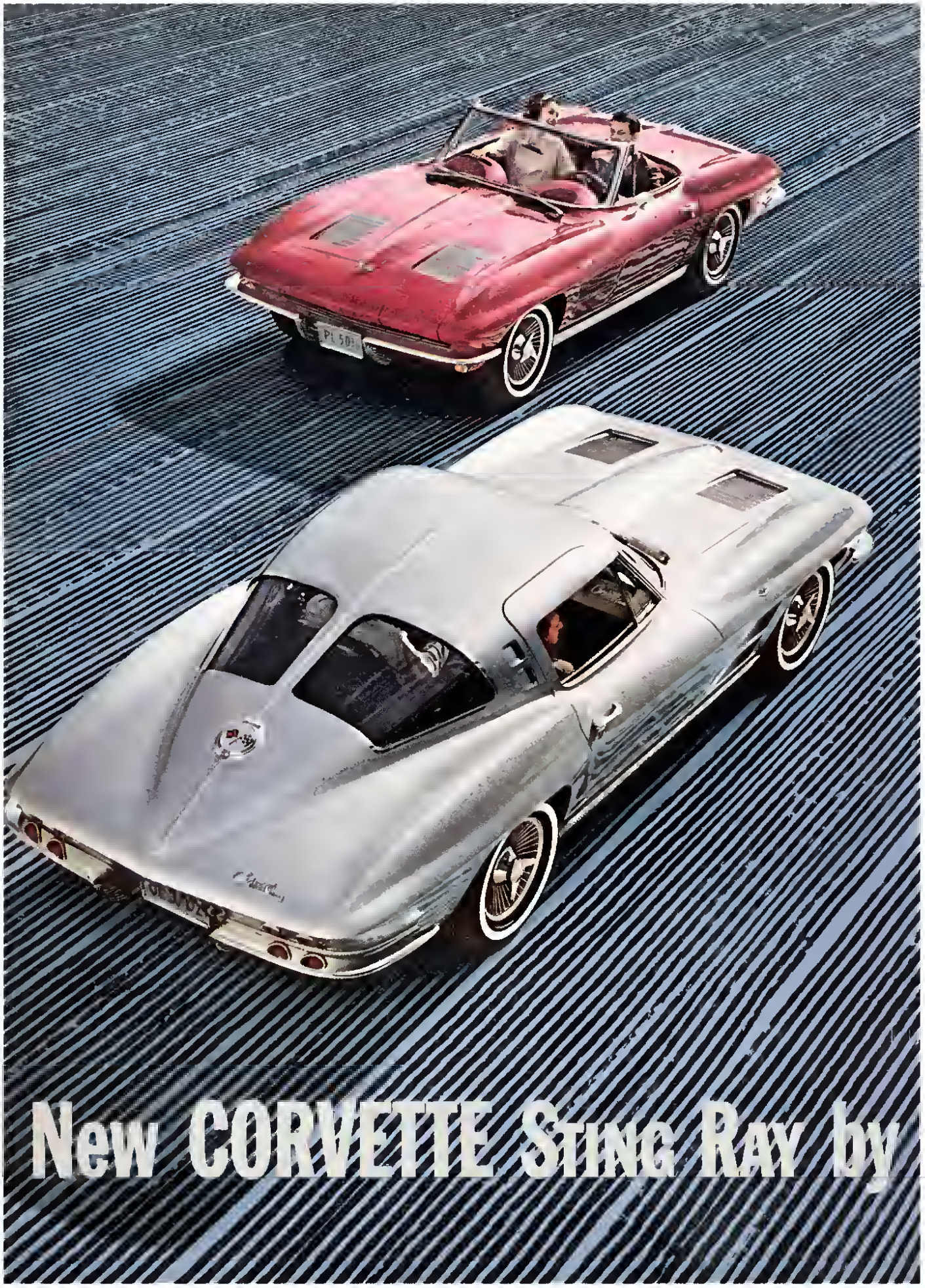
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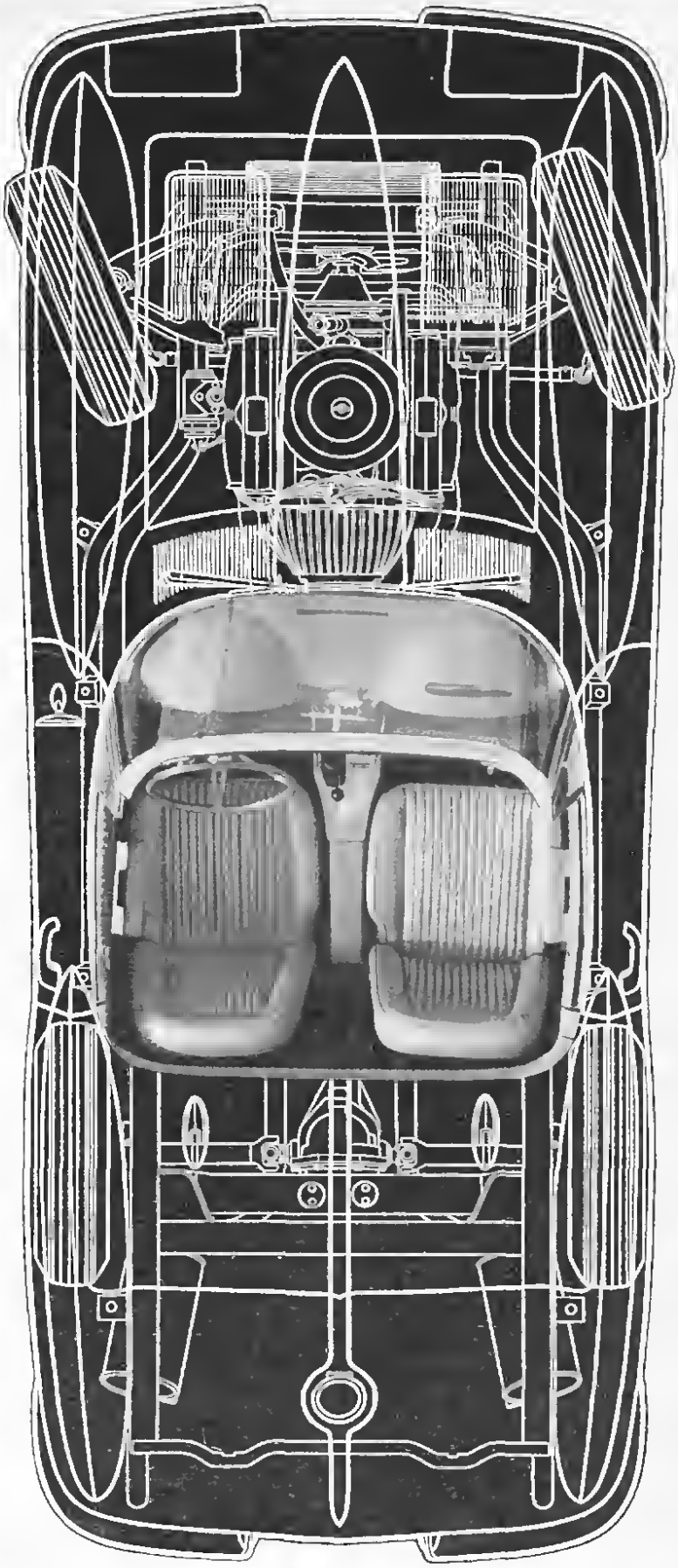
The Sears laboratory has tested the jacket. It was wrinkled, tugged, twisted, exposed to searing sunlight, drenched in water, tested with oil and grease. The jacket passed every test. It was thoroughly checked by Sears comparison shoppers to prove it is an *outstanding buy*, even at Sears. That's why it has been selected as a Sears *Four-Star* value.

These jackets come in tan, charcoal, olive and blue. You can order yours through the Sears catalogue or buy it at your Sears store.

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SCORECARD

SOFT SHOES FOR SONNY

In the heady aftermath of the recent heavyweight title fight, the newborn champion, Sonny Liston, said: "If the people and the newspapers give me a chance, I'll prove to them they've been wrong about me." The improbable thesis seemed to be that Liston was not as bad a man as courts and cops had painted him. It was, however, said with welcome, if hitherto uncharacteristic, humility and so the prevailing mood was to give Liston a chance.

Well, less than two weeks after he knocked out Floyd Patterson in the first round, Sonny was picked up by Philadelphia's Fairmount Park police for the second time. No charge was made (he simply had been driving at a suspiciously slow speed) and he was released.

But the question arises as to why Liston is such a persistent driver through Fairmount Park, where he has had so much trouble with the police. Why not avoid it? The answer may be that it is a normal route for him to take on his way home. Though investigation is not yet complete, the Pennsylvania boxing commission and police seem now to agree that the latest episode was inconsequential, something that might happen to anyone who had had a few beers with friends (Liston avoids hard liquor). Inconsequential or not, it tarnishes the promise of the new Sonny Liston.

"This thing was of no account," said a customer of the 52nd Street bar of which Liston is an occasional patron, "but Sonny ought to be soft-shoein' around anyhow."

That may be the best advice Sonny Liston ever got. He ought to go out right now (but not by way of the park) and get himself fitted for a nice pair.

BACK TO EOHIPPUS

It is undoubtedly shameful of us to expose in advance what someone is going to get for Christmas, but we will anyway. Mrs. Ethel Kennedy, wife of the U.S. Attorney General, has ordered two horses, a mare and a stallion, from a remarkable breed of midgets raised on the Argentine *estancia* of Julio César Falabella. The order specifies that they be delivered "not later than December 24, 1962," which is a pretty good clue as to their purpose. The Kennedy children, who already enjoy an impressive menagerie, are going to have some truly rare fun on Christmas Day.

The midgets, recognized as a true breed by the Argentine Rural Society, are believed to be the only ones of their kind anywhere in the world, and there are only about 350 of them. They average 36 inches in height though some, fully grown, stand only 30 inches. A few look like ordinary ponies, with stubby legs and fat bellies. Others have the long, fine legs, graceful torsos and elegant heads of miniature Thoroughbreds.

Their development was an accident. About 50 years ago Falabella's father turned some smallish ponies out to pasture. He noticed that some of their progeny seemed undersized, and he separated the runts from the rest of the herd. These in turn produced even smaller animals with each generation. He continued to cull the runts and eventually produced this new breed. The hobby has become profitable—Falabella gets from $700 to $1,000 for each midget.

TWO-TIME LOSER

On opening day of the World Series Lorenzo Lopez appeared before Police Judge James A. Maloney in Albuquerque and was found guilty of driving a car with a noisy muffler. Because it was his third offense, the judge ordered a $15 fine or a day in jail.

"I don't mind spending the day in jail," Lopez said, "but I sure hate to miss the opening of the World Series."

"Can you have the $15 here before 4 p.m.?" the judge asked.

"Yes sir," Lopez said, "if the Giants win."

The Giants lost and so did Lopez. He went to jail.

OLD SAW WITH NO EDGE

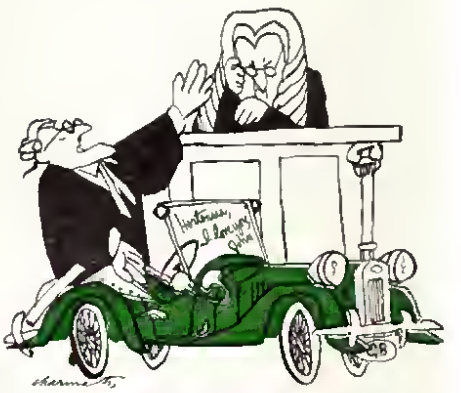
The maxims don't always stand up. One of them holds that, next to a good fast ball, a pitcher's greatest asset is control. From August 3 through September 30, when he finally walked a man, Bill Fischer of the Kansas City Athletics pitched 84⅓ walkless innings, far surpassing Christy Mathewson's 49-year-old major league record of 68 innings. And how many games did Fischer win during this record period? Two. How many did he lose? Nine.

SECOND SIGHT

The electronification of sport continues. Coach Hank Stram of the Dallas Texans recently tried out a closed-circuit television system to give him a better bench-side view of the football game. It paid off rather handsomely, too. Running a play over on tape, he noted a Buffalo Bill linebacker was defending inside and so directed Frank Jackson to go outside. Jackson made 10 yards. There will be no mad rush to TV, however. The setup, manufactured by Ampex, cost $75,000.

MOTORPHILE

When a man is told to divorce a car he has cherished for almost a score of years he may, in England anyway, go to court about it and obtain judgment that only death may tear them apart.



Londoner John O'Grady is owner of a bewitching little MG named Hortensia. A while back a pile of scaffolding fell on Hortensia, leaving her crushed and broken in Regent Street. The insurance company held that Hortensia was worth $98 as scrap and offered O'Grady $490, the market value of a 1939 car. O'Grady refused. He spent $708 to have Hortensia resuscitated and another $560 in car rentals. Then he went to court about it.

British law confirmed that a man is entitled to love his automobile and to

remain faithful to her forever. O'Grady collected. Setting bowler squarely on head he seated himself behind Hortensia's wheel, reminiscing that he had paid $1,330 for her, that he had just turned down almost that much for her, that she has hit 84 miles an hour and that she "still goes like a bomb." She was, he said, one of only 100 MG TB models ever turned out.

"I love her," he said, and tooled happily away. Hortensia purred and winked her taillight.

THE GOURMET FORAGER

Pickled sunfish that rival the best Bismarck herring, sugar from milkweed, beer from birch sap, pigweed pancakes, boiled day-lily buds—these are unusual fare, but you might find some of the ingredients in the vacant lot next door. How to find and prepare them is the subject of a superb new book, *Stalking the Wild Asparagus* (McKay, $4.95), cooked up by a onetime cowboy, beachcomber and newspaperman turned schoolteacher. Since Euell Gibbons was a boy in Texas, he has been foraging for food in the wild. The summation of his experience will fascinate anyone who loves both the outdoors and good food.

Good wild food is everywhere, says Gibbons. Around a pond outside Philadelphia he noted 18 different edible plants. In a vacant lot in Chicago he found 15. The common cattail is, to Gibbons, the "supermarket of the swamps." Its green bloom spikes of May and June make a fine cooked vegetable. The bright yellow pollen is a good sifted flour. In winter the central core of the rootstocks provides a white flour for use in breadstuffs or as a food starch. The dormant sprouts on the leading ends of the rootstocks can be used as salad or cooked vegetable.

To cap their foraging, Gibbons and his wife throw "wild parties." One fall menu starts with wild grape juice and wild mushroom soup, followed by a main course of fried sunfish fillets, baked arrowhead tubers and wild apples done in butter and brown sugar. Salad is wild Jerusalem artichoke tubers and ripe ground cherries. Dessert: persimmon-hickory nut chiffon pie, topped off with chicory coffee.

There are illustrations to guide you in your search for pokeweed (Hoosiers fry it), mustard greens, or spring beauties (their tubers may be cooked as one would cook potatoes). And there are recipes for sage wine, raccoon pie and

continued

THE NATURAL GENTLEMAN



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acorn bread. Of course, there are some plants of which the novice forager should be wary. Chief of these are mushrooms. These fungi require some study, Gibbons cautions, as the uninstructed amateur is "likely to poison himself." Our advice to beginners: start with raccoon pie and cattail salad. They never hurt anybody.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• At the Chicago Black Hawk opener of the hockey season in Chicago attendance was announced as 11,774, though all seats were filled and there was an SRO crowd in the aisles. Capacity: 16,666. Suspicion: The Hawks may be trying to build a "poor attendance" record against the day when players will be demanding bonuses and raises.

• Frank McGuire, who left a $35,000 contract when the NBA Warriors went from Philadelphia to San Francisco, has visited the East Carolina College campus several times, may yet be taken on as basketball coach.

WHO'S TOUGH WHERE?

Addressing U.S. attorneys at the White House the other day, President Kennedy reported on the success of the administration's drive against organized crime, which draws much of its basic revenue from illegal gambling. We had reported on this, too, in our September 3 issue (*The Bookies Close Up Shop*) and the President apparently was drawing on that article when he told the attorneys:

"One Las Vegas gambler is supposed to have said he hoped we'd be as tough on Berlin as we've been on Las Vegas. Well, we intend to be."

What the gambler, an embittered fellow, actually said was:

"They lost in Laos, they lost in Cuba, they lost in East Berlin, but they sure are giving the gamblers a beating."

Although the President is guilty of misquotation, we would like to believe that his statement—and not the gambler's—reflects our international position.

ON STAYING AMATEUR

Recently it was reported that Philip Morris (Australia) Ltd., had offered Aussie tennis champs Rod Laver and Roy Emerson public relations jobs at about $10,000 a year, contingent on their remaining amateur. The reports were accurate but incomplete. They failed to mention that the offers did not originate in Melbourne but in the New York offices of Joseph Cullman, the American president of the American parent company.

Joe Cullman is a longtime tennis buff as well as a shrewd cigarette salesman. Besides wishing to please his Australian customers, he believes that his deal, if accepted, would be good for tennis as a whole. Too many top amateurs, in Cullman's opinion, have turned pro. In case open tennis comes (an eventuality Cullman favors), the presence of Laver and Emerson as amateurs would provide a wholesome balance in tournaments.

Thinking big, *i.e.*, globally, all this could be true. Thinking small, *i.e.*, nationally, it is a bit painful to see U.S. Davis Cup prospects go up in our own smoke.

A FACULTY FOR MISCHIEF

Since prep football rivalries are seldom limited to football alone, imaginative competition in bonfire-burning, statue-redecorating and parade-sabotaging flourishes each fall. It was with confirmed hatred, then, rather than surprise, that students at Eau Claire (Mich.) High School discovered the name of next week's opponent burned into their football field. A policeman who had given unsuccessful chase was unable to identify the perpetrators, but a student was more observant. He fingered four Eau Claire faculty members, including the principal. Pleading an attempt to fire up their team for the big game, the four confessed. Eau Claire lost the game 66–6, and the student council president is pondering disciplinary action.

THEY SAID IT

• Darrell Royal, Texas coach, asked what he used to think about before the Texas game when he was an All-America quarterback at Oklahoma: "Self-preservation."

• Barbara Romack, after playing a round of golf with Jack Nicklaus: "My tee shots felt like I was hitting overripe tomatoes."

• Tallulah Bankhead, incurable Giant fan: "There have been only two geniuses in the world—Willie Mays and Willie Shakespeare. But, darling, I think you'd better put Shakespeare first."

• Steve Stonebreaker, Minnesota Viking receiver, on long pass he caught in game with Chicago Bears: "It looked as if I was completely uncovered. That wasn't so. George Halas [Bear coach and owner] followed me all the way down the sidelines." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 22, 1962

BIG SURGE ON THE WEST COAST

Far West football, which seldom has had more than one good team at a time, suddenly has six, and they are a match for anyone

by WALTER BINGHAM



The thunder coming out of the West these recent weeks is not the hoofbeats of The Great Horse Silver, nor does it have any connection with The Great Coast Storm. Rather it is the sharp running of college football teams as they batter, block and tackle opponents from other parts of the country with vengeful fury. After some years of getting slapped about by intersectional rivals, most notably the Big Ten, the West Coast is fighting back. Its list of successes this young season is impressive. Stanford has a win over Michigan State. Washington has beaten Illinois and tied Purdue, a result the outplayed Boilermakers were eager to settle for. Southern California (USC) whipped Duke and SMU, then shut out Iowa at Iowa, the first time that's been done since 1952. But the game that truly revealed the present stature of West Coast football was UCLA's stunning 9–7 upset over first-ranked Ohio State a fortnight ago. When the list of the nation's top teams appeared a few days later, three Coast teams—Washington, USC and UCLA—were included in the first eight. Never before had three West Coast teams been ranked so high.

Nor is the new power of the West Coast confined strictly to the ranked teams. Oregon, Oregon State and Washington State have admirable wins over Utah, Iowa State and Wyoming. Even in defeat Coast teams have looked impressive. *continued*

Oregon's Mel Renfro hurdles over fallen linemen as he picks up yardage. New-style West Coast teams accent running game and strong defense, rely on their superb conditioning to wear down beefier opponents.

California, the weakest link in the Coast chain, gave stiff fights to Missouri, Pitt and, this week, Duke before losing. Oregon, which had Texas shaking its head for three quarters before the Webfoots finally gave in 25–13, all but left Rice for dead Saturday night as a dozen fast backs tore off 345 yards on their way to a lopsided 31–12 win that was easier even than the score indicated.



Jim Owens made a powerhouse of Washington and showed the West Coast how to beat the Big Ten.

Of the three top-ranked teams on the Coast, Washington would appear to be the strongest and have the best chance of going to the Rose Bowl. The Huskies are so quick and tough they demoralize the opposition. The line averages only 208 pounds, but it is led by 235-pound Ray Mansfield who fights like a wounded grizzly bear. There are half a dozen shifty backs on the team, the neatest of whom is Charlie Mitchell. But good as Washington is, it is hard to imagine the team finishing the season undefeated, for there are too many good teams on the Coast. Oregon State, for instance, with the remarkable Terry Baker at quarterback, almost upset Washington last week. A touchdown run by Mitchell with less than three minutes to play saved the game 14–13. Both USC and UCLA, with their stout defenses, will be hard to get past. USC appears to have the better offense, with two fine quarterbacks in Pete Beathard and Bill Nelson, but UCLA can counter with Kermit Alexander, the best all-round back in the West. Even Oregon, paced by the fast and rugged Mel Renfro, showed in its performances against Rice and Texas that it is capable of giving Washington a scare. There are, in fact, no soft touches on the West Coast.

The rise of the West Coast as a football power can be accounted for in a number of ways—none more important than the influence of Jim Owens, the 35-year-old coach of the Washington Huskies. It is Owens who shapes the football thinking on the West Coast. He favors rangy, fast linemen, and now there are rangy, fast linemen from Washington State to USC. He stresses conditioning, and the others have followed suit. UCLA had Ohio State's tongue hanging out in the fourth quarter, a rare trick.

"Everyone on the Coast looks up to Washington and Owens," says Marshall Shirk, a 1961 all-conference tackle at UCLA. "The other schools try to copy the things Washington does."

Owens is not particularly surprised by the West Coast successes this season, regarding them simply as the natural result of long hours and sweat.

"We're doing the same things at Washington we've done for years," he says. "We've usually had a good record here, but there have always been a couple of weak teams. Now all the teams are tough. I suppose it's conference pride more than anything else."

Owens came to Washington in 1957 at a time when there was no conference pride and, for that matter, practically no conference at all. The old PCC was disintegrating in an earthquake of bitterness, mistrust and vindictiveness involving undercover payments to athletes by groups such as the Young Men's Club of Westwood Village and the Greater Washington Advertising Fund. Washington, UCLA and USC had all been fined and banned, thus preventing them from winning conference championships for periods up to three years. The ban, of course, meant no Rose Bowl participation and that, in turn, made the recruiting of players by those schools next to impossible. It was during these dark hours that Jim Owens arrived.

Owens had played at Oklahoma under Bud Wilkinson and had coached at Kentucky and Texas A&M under Bear Bryant and so he brought with him a singular devotion to hard work, although his methods were hardly as severe as those of a more recent Bryant aide, Kentucky's Charlie Bradshaw (SI, Oct. 6). His players learned to run through their drills with full-speed vigor, often practicing harder and with less mercy than they showed in actual games. Washington, they say on the Coast, never hits as viciously as it does in practice, and that is true.

Owens' first two seasons at Washington were disappointing, but in 1959 the team won 10 and lost only one, capped by an eye-opening 44–8 victory over Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl. The following year Washington was again 10–1 and again it whipped the Big Ten—Minnesota—in the Rose Bowl. Jim Owens had given the West Coast two straight victories over the Big Ten but, more important, he had restored its pride.

A new conference

From the rubble of the late Pacific Coast Conference had sprung a new conference of five schools—USC, UCLA, California, Washington and Stanford—with the cumbersome title of Athletic Association of Western Universities. This year the conference expanded to include Washington State, and there is an excellent chance that both Oregon and Oregon State will soon join.

Owens' success stirred the new AAWU to meet the competition at Washington. Young coaches were hired: John McKay at USC and Marv Levy at California. They brought young ideas with them. (A Phi Beta Kappa at Coe, Levy got his master's degree in history at Harvard.) They filmed practice sessions to help

diagnose weaknesses and they introduced novelties in coaching techniques that have sharpened offensive and defensive stratagems. For example, Levy has a clock scrimmage where one unit is given the ball on the 40-yard line with two minutes to play and the score 13–7 against them. "This hones a team's ability to determine an attack to fit a given and often desperate game situation," says Levy. At USC, John McKay sometimes starts his game units off near the goal line and orders them to pass or run for a touchdown, using anywhere from 14 to 18 men on defense to make things rougher.

Young and imaginative coaches are only part of the reason for the West's success this season. There are, after all, young coaches with imagination in every conference in the country. UCLA's coach, Billy Barnes, thinks the population growth in California is largely responsible. "There are simply more people, more students than ever before," he says. "With all these students you are bound to find more and better football players or tuba players or anything else you care to select." There are now 791 high schools in California playing football, 149 more than 10 years ago.

All of the coaches in the AAWU agree that the quality of high school coaching has improved tremendously in recent years.

"There is more stress placed on making the boy understand the theories of football," says Barnes. "For instance, why you execute a block a certain way rather than just teaching the boy by rote."

With the increase in potential college students in the West Coast area has come a natural rise in academic standards in all six AAWU schools. Coaches have concentrated on getting brighter, more adaptable youngsters and, to a large degree, they have discovered with pleasant shock that they've gotten better football players, too. As a result, the unending worry of keeping subacademic types in school has dissipated.

There has also been a sharp increase in junior colleges in California, from 42 to 59 in 10 years. The junior college system up and down the Coast has done much to provide the larger schools with better-grade football players. A system almost restricted to the West, the two-year junior college permits a player who is substandard academically to repair his report card while he is polishing his football skills. In Washington, where the in-state entrance grade point is lower than that for out-of-state students, the junior colleges permit a student to establish residence and thus qualify under the in-state requirement.

Junior college players have only two years of eligibility left when they transfer, but their level of play has become so advanced in recent years they have little trouble adjusting to major-college football. "A few years ago," says Mel Hein, the old pro center, now an assistant at USC, "none of us expected much help from a jaycee boy before the end of the year but more likely not until the second. Not anymore. Right now we have the finest set of linebackers we've ever had and all three played junior college football last year."

Better recruiting

In spite of the wealth of football talent on the Coast, AAWU coaches recruit more vigorously and in wider range than ever before. "I think Owens' success in the Rose Bowl gave all coaching staffs the incentive to go out and come up with the goods," says George Dickerson, former UCLA coach. When Marv Levy arrived at California, he and Athletic Director Pete Newell worked night and day on recruitment. Newell was astonished when he talked to several prominent athletes from other schools who said they might have attended California except that no one had approached them. Consequently, Levy has burned three sets of tires off athletic department automobiles in the last two years making runs into the hinterlands. California's recruitment program has awakened other schools. Len Casanova, coach of Oregon, praised the Levy-Newell combination this summer. "Too often when we meet a good prospect," he said, "we learn that California has already talked to him."

Stanford, which likes to think of itself as the Harvard of the West, has also accelerated its recruiting program. "We're going farther afield," says Chuck Taylor, the athletic director. "We work harder on the Rocky Mountain area [probably because of Coach Jack Curtice, who came directly from Utah], in Texas and in the Northwest." The Stanford roster shows that 27 of the 55 listed players are from out of state, and that 18 are from southern California.

Since the arrival of Jim Owens at Washington, West Coast football teams have put great emphasis on speed. Coaches are always on the prowl for linemen who can cover five yards in nothing flat. "I don't think the West Coast compares physically with the Big Ten," says Don Clark, former USC coach. "They can still outmuscle us, but our quickness makes up the difference." At Washington the Huskies go through their exercises with the precision of the Radio City Rockettes, responding to the hoarse barks of the quarterbacks who stand at the rear. In this manner they become accustomed to the voice of the signal-caller and react instantaneously to the precise signal on which they are to move. It is the initial thrust, Owens feels, that can overpower a beefier opponent.

Basically, however, the West Coast style of play is to stress defense. "I know we're playing a lot better defense," John McKay says. "And when I say 'we,' I mean all the Coast schools. UCLA certainly showed that on those goal-line stands against Ohio State. I feel our defense against Iowa forced them into a good many errors. You've got to be stubborn to win against top competition and that stubbornness should begin on defense."

A West Coast offense is generally a balanced attack. Owens, unless he has an outstanding quarterback such as Bob Schloredt, never uses the forward pass except as an integrated weapon in a comprehensive attack. Most AAWU coaches agree with Owens. Even Jim Sutherland, the soft-spoken Washington State coach, announced recently that he was abandoning his emphasis on the forward pass, despite having a record-setting end in Hugh Campbell.

"How many passing teams are winning?" he asked. "To be effective you must have 65% completions and there isn't a college passer who can do this."

Sutherland has a young team and next year Washington State may be the big power on the West Coast. California, too, has a coming team, loaded with sophomores and juniors. And, of course, there will be UCLA, USC and Washington. One thing is certain. With all the coaches intent on building dynasties, West Coast football seems headed for its strongest era. The big crowds that have deserted the stadiums in favor of baseball and pro football will return. When they do, they will be watching what may be the best football in the country. **END**

U.S. IS BEST ON FUJI'S FAIRWAYS

Golf-crazy Japan was the setting for the World Amateur tournament in which the American team, lovingly served by its tiny caddies, won again **by LEE GRIGGS**

It was entirely proper that the third World Amateur golf team championship should take place last week in Japan The first two hosts, after all, were named in a fitting order of golf history and interest: Scotland and the U.S The next had to be Japan, whose meager terrain is being forced to withstand the newest and most proliferate onslaught of golf nuts in the world.

In the past five years Japan has mass-produced two phenomena, transistor radios and its golfers. The first has remorselessly satisfied the world's demand for portable noise; the second is remorselessly

continued





Former U. S. Champion Deane Beman (left), whose 66 clinched the victory, tests the wind on the 18th fairway. Above, Labron Harris Jr., current U. S. champion who shot a woeful 77 in the rain, manfully shelters his equally disconsolate caddie.

Photographs by Russ Hafford

unappeased In 1957 there were 70-odd courses in Japan; today there are 300, with 50 more in the works. "Even so," sighed a Japan Golf Association official, "we cannot hope to meet the demand. Only by converting all our rice fields into golf links could we come close."

To this golf-mad land last week came 92 top amateurs from 23 countries. Pakistanis and Americans alike, they were awed by the 6,587-yard, par-70 layout of the formidable Fuji course at Kawana, southwest of Tokyo. Its tight fairways put a premium on accuracy and the *korai* grass greens with their unpredictable nap drove many competitors to the brink of hara-kiri. "It's like putting on a hairbrush," said Billy Joe Patton of the U.S.

There was more favorable comment for the girl caddies, who proved remarkably adept at clubbing, sang out "nice shot," refused to accept tips, lovingly polished clubs and even knitted club covers for their players. They also displayed the frailties of women When Canada's Bob Wylie shot a frightful 6 on an easy par-3, his caddie quietly wept.

The competition quickly resolved itself into a struggle between the U.S. team —Patton, Public Links Champion Dick Sikes, Deane Beman and Labron



Harris Jr.—and Canada. The U.S. forged ahead on the first day by three strokes, paced by a splendid 69 by Sikes and Beman's 70. The next day, in a cold rain, the U.S. chances seemed as bleak as a *haiku*. Beman shot 80, Harris 77 and Canada took a six-stroke advantage. But her edge evaporated Friday as Mount Fuji's summit emerged from its cloud cover. Beman and Sikes duplicated their first-round scores and the U.S. led by two.

Largely on the efforts of Beman, who, mastering the *korai* greens, carded a magnificent last-round 66 to tie the course record, the U.S. took its second straight Eisenhower cup. The margin of victory was eight strokes, and nobody was happier than the winners' caddies.

Finishing far behind were Malaya and Pakistan, who had happily hacked about for last place. Malaya was in the cellar for the first day, but the Pakistanis, the New York Mets of international golf, soon sank to the bottom and stayed there, finishing 202 strokes behind the U.S. in their first tournament try. As the flags of the competing nations were lowered in the gloaming, Pakistan's Tajuddin Salimi, no Casey Stengel, stoically observed: "It is nice to be remembered and, if we cannot be remembered for finishing first, perhaps it is well to be remembered for finishing last." **END**



Caddies are only part of the vast army of women at Japanese golf courses. At Kawana there were women who waved flags to indicate whether the course was clear, women who used pennants to mark balls hit into the rough, women who raked traps and women who repaired the course after each day's play, weeding the fairways and dropping fresh earth and grass seed into divot marks (far left). There were, of course, women whose role was to beautify the gallery (left) while watching exotic golfers like Ashok Malik of India (below). As Switzerland's Otto Dillier said: "It may be the men who do the golfing here, but it's the women who make it possible."



When the Rains Came... and Came...and Came



Two great Pacific storms, clashing over the California coast, poured a record rainfall down upon San Francisco, penning the World Series rivals restlessly in their rooms and turning star-crossed Candlestick Park into a giant millpond. Only the tarpaulin-covered infield remained dry; the deep outfield grass hid what was in truth a dangerous, boggy marsh, and the parking lot beyond could hardly be distinguished from neighboring San Francisco Bay. Finally, after three days of rain and three postponements, the skies cleared, and the Giants and Yankees came out of hiding to play ball. By winning on Monday the Giants tied up the Series for the third time. This sent the annual interleague battle of champions into a seventh game for the sixth time since 1955 and equaled a Series longevity record of 13 days, a soggy standard that has gone unchallenged since 1911, when it rained in far-away Philadelphia for almost a week.

Photograph by Neil Leifer



HELP! DOES ALL THIS



Illustration by Michael Ramus

STUFF BELONG TO ME?

It sure does, if you make $7,500 a year and live in the suburbs. So says Chicago Sports Economist Richard E. Snyder, whose figures show that Americans now spend a record $2.4 billion a year for the active life

by ***ROBERT H. BOYLE***

When Richard E. Snyder, a Chicago economist, recently visited the suburban home of a friend he asked if he might look around the house for sports equipment. The host agreed, and after Snyder finished checking from cellar to attic he had unearthed one complete set of golf clubs, several dozen golf balls, three fishing rods and reels with assorted tackle, four baseball bats, three fielder's gloves, one catcher's mitt, a mask, a chest protector, a pair of shin guards, three baseballs, two basketballs, two footballs, one badminton set, three hockey sticks, four pairs of ice skates, three pairs of roller skates, one set of table tennis equipment and three bicycles.

His host was astounded by the range of booty, but Snyder was not. In a small way, it merely confirmed what he knew to be statistically true about the sporting bent of present-day Americans. No one knows the ways of American sportsmen better than Snyder, who is the leading economist working in sports. Specifically, his specialty is sporting goods. Ever since the end of World War II, he has been adding up the amounts Americans spend for tennis balls and boxing gloves, and for the last 10 years he has served as consulting economist to the National Sporting Goods Association, a trade group that relies upon his annual reports to forecast the shifting tastes of the public. Snyder's reports on past, present and future sporting-goods expenditures have been so accurate and detailed that the U.S. Department of Commerce, which ordinarily supplies figures on any facet of the nation's economy, has conceded this particular field to him.



Among the other things Snyder has found out:

• Sports are largely a family affair, and the more affluent the family, the more likely it is to be involved in sports. Eighty percent of the sporting goods now sold in the U.S. are bought by families who have an income of $7,500 or more and live in a metropolitan area. Snyder's suburban friend, cited above, is typical.

• The sports year, which used to consist primarily of the warmer months, now runs the length of the calendar. Since 1954, sales of winter sports equipment have grown at an annual rate of almost 10%. The ski-and-sled market alone is now valued at $18.5 million annually, 515% more than it was worth in 1929.

• Americans are economically far more involved in participant sports than they are in spectator sports. This year they will spend more than $2 billion on sporting goods and only a relatively measly $300 million on spectator sports. Although these figures would appear to refute the belief that Americans are not physically active or fit, the fact is, most of the participant sports activity is carried on by those affluent metropolitan households, about 10 million families all told. In Snyder's terminology, the members of these families are "multiple sportniks." Instead of concentrating on one sporting activity alone, they go from one to another as the seasons progress.

• Sports, or at least participant sports, are "recessionproof." "When general business activity is softening," Snyder says, "sporting-goods sales tend to rise more than average. It seems that when unemployment is high, people use their unemployment compensation to go to a football game or buy a new golf club." Despite generally erratic business conditions, sporting-goods sales this year will be the highest ever, a record $2.4 billion, up 6% over last year, the previous all-time high.

The sporting-goods industry owes its past immunity from recessions to its youthfulness. According to Snyder, every industry follows a similar economic life cycle, and the sporting-goods industry is no exception. Before World War II it was in its gestation, or introductory, stage, going along at a rate of $200 to $300 million a year. But in the late 1940s the sporting-goods industry entered its vaulting stage—thanks to increased leisure, a rise in real income, changes in its distribution and improvements in technology. Annual sales soared from $754 million in 1946 to $1 billion in 1947 to almost $2.2 billion in 1960. "It wasn't at all like the sporting-goods industry before the war," Snyder says. "It had a new tempo. It had the germ of modern mass production."

In 1960 the industry entered the maturation, or mass-volume, stage. This occurs when an industry reaches approximately 10% of the market, and it is signaled by a sudden slowdown in rate of growth. In 1961 sporting goods grossed only slightly more than in 1960 as increasing competitive pressures were felt from all sides. "The sporting-goods industry hit the first bump of its maturity stage," Snyder says. "Everyone gets on the bandwagon. There were more people selling sporting goods. It's the old American game of trying to get something while the getting is good."

continued

As Snyder sees it the getting is still going to be good—he calculates sporting goods will hit the $3 billion mark by 1966—but a bit more perilous for manufacturers and retailers catering to an increasingly sophisticated public. As the sporting-goods industry moves further through the maturation stage, which can last for a hundred years, consumption eventually will flatten to a growth rate in line with population increases only. When that happens, and not until then, the industry will follow the cyclical swings of the general economy.

If it hadn't been for one of those cyclical swings—in fact, the Great Depression—Snyder would be teaching political science somewhere instead of figuring out the demand for skis. Now 54, he was raised in Joplin, Mo., the son of an itinerant newspaperman who left home when Snyder was 7 to seek a lost gold mine in the Sierra Madre. "Joplin was a pretty tough place," he says. "How good you were was measured by how fast you could throw your fists." In 1925 he entered the University of Wichita, and was graduated in 1930. "That was right in the iron noose of the Depression," he says. "I starved for five years working my way through college, and then I starved five more." He went to Texas, and in 1934 he received his M.A. from Southern Methodist. While earning his degree, he played baseball for an industrial league team and did statistical analyses for natural gas companies, newspapers and advertising agencies. "That turned me away from teaching," he says. "The pay was small, but it was better than I could get in teaching."

In 1937 Snyder moved to Chicago, where he worked successively as director of research and statistics for the National Woodwork Manufacturers Association (now one of his clients), director of economic research for Montgomery Ward and senior marketing consultant for a management engineering firm. In 1946 he went out on his own as a consulting economist. With some time on his hands, and for the simple reason that no one had ever done it before, he decided to do a study of the sporting-goods industry. This initial work, *Trends in the Sporting Goods Market*, appeared in the fall of 1947, and it was such a success, at $10 a copy, that he followed it up with another report in 1952. This one so impressed the National Sporting Goods Association that Snyder was retained as a consultant, and since then he has issued a series of annual reports and occasional special studies.

A few weeks ago, Snyder put down his slide rule to indulge in a freewheeling interview about sports in general. Although spectator sports are beyond his professional purview, he does have definite opinions about their prospects. Baseball, he believes, is on the way out. A research acquaintance of his has said that major league baseball will be dead in 15 years, and Snyder flatly said, "I wish I had said that." Whereas most observers view the disappearance of minor league baseball as the inevitable result of the televising of major league games, Snyder sees it as a part of a larger pattern reflecting gradual public disinterest in the game as a whole. Perhaps surprisingly, he believes ice hockey is in for boom times. "This is going to be limited only by how many people can get into the arenas," he said. "This will grow as interest in baseball dies."

With participant sports, Snyder is on firmer ground. His studies show that pleasure boats and equipment comprise the largest single market, $611 million a year, with an annual growth rate of 9.1%. Tents have shown the highest individual growth rate with 11%, and gymnasium equipment is second in rate of growth, with 9.4%. "The day of built-in grade school gyms has arrived with a bang," he said.

Asked about other participant sports, Snyder said, "Bowling will continue to grow, but at a slower rate than in the past. I think tennis has prospects of resurgence on a broad front. Tennis, however, will need heroes. Golf, that's a matter of space. Golf courses are being built as fast as land can be found, but there has to be a stopping point there.

"Oddly enough, I think that within the next decade this country is going to see a tremendous increase in bicycle riding. If we're going to have as many cars as they say, people who live near their work will say, 'The hell with this,' and ride bikes. I think kids will bicycle to school. In this pattern I can even conceive of the possibility that certain streets leading in and out of towns will be restricted to bicycles. I think the seed of this tendency is already planted.

"Curling? I sure never heard of it 10 years ago, but I hear of it now. This is another one of those things that show a creeping progress that may break out

continued



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Photographed on Rannoch Moor, Scotland by "21" Brands

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into a rash of activity in a few years. Archery has already done it. It seems to me that archery is such a highly specialized sport that it will continue to gain converts, but not at the rate it has in the past few years. To me, archery is worth categorizing as a novelty or a fad rather than a sport. It has come up so fast that you might even say that it has passed out of its vaulting stage and is leveling off.

"I think you'll see a lot of billiards, a rise in pool tables, perhaps as a status symbol. Boats have ceased to be a status symbol—a lot of boats have been bought by people in the clerical level of business or even in the laboring class—and golf has ceased to be a status symbol by a long way. But having a billiard table may become a status symbol. A, you need a big room just to keep it in. B, the table is expensive. And C, just knowing the rules implies status.

"Hunting and fishing will go on as long as there are animals to shoot and fish to catch. This population explosion [of the mid '60s], when the postwar babies start producing children of their own, this fanning out of the suburbs, all this is going to create increasing challenges for the sportsmen of the future."

For all his optimism, Snyder also sounds a note of warning. He has definite views on the social significance of sport, and wrote in one of his reports not long ago, "While the sporting-goods industry is taking due pride in its accomplishments . . . it may be fair to inquire concerning its social and moral responsibilities. The Roman Empire fell because of too much treasure, leisure and pleasure. The United States is the richest nation on the face of the globe. Its people seek ever more leisure and pleasure. No industry catering to the sybaritic yearnings and tendencies of the 'populace' can afford to default on its responsibility for being ever on guard against any and all forces seeking to employ the fruits of its production for brutalization, degradation, or emasculation of the consumers thereof. Should our worship of athletic prowess (imagined or real) lead us to a 'Bread and Circuses' pathology or should the widespread adoption of 'sporting devices' as merely instruments of escape from reality lead us to a 'couldn't care less' complacency, the barbarians, as always has been the case, will simply come down out of the hills and take it all away. It 'Pays to Play,' all right—up to a certain point." **END**



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A TENDERFOOT PAINTS AN ELK HUNT

When Exurbanite Artist Austin Briggs landed in Boise en route to join an elk hunt he wore his best London suit. A Chevalier du Tastevin, Briggs gamely gulped Thunderbird wine and coffee that resembled a roily river, struggled up and down mountains and finally made it back with these moody, incisive paintings



"Waking up at dawn on the first leg of the hunt," Briggs said, "is like waking up at the bottom of a surrealist's fur-lined teacup. The tirred mountains rise all about the flat bottom, and when the sun tills the cup it is as though the tea is draining away." Affer a few days it was no longer a cup of tea, and Artist Briggs had little teeling tor simile. Riding a horse for the first time in 20 years, in pursuit of hunters pursuing elk (below) he was bucked off at a spof thereafter known as Briggs Flats.

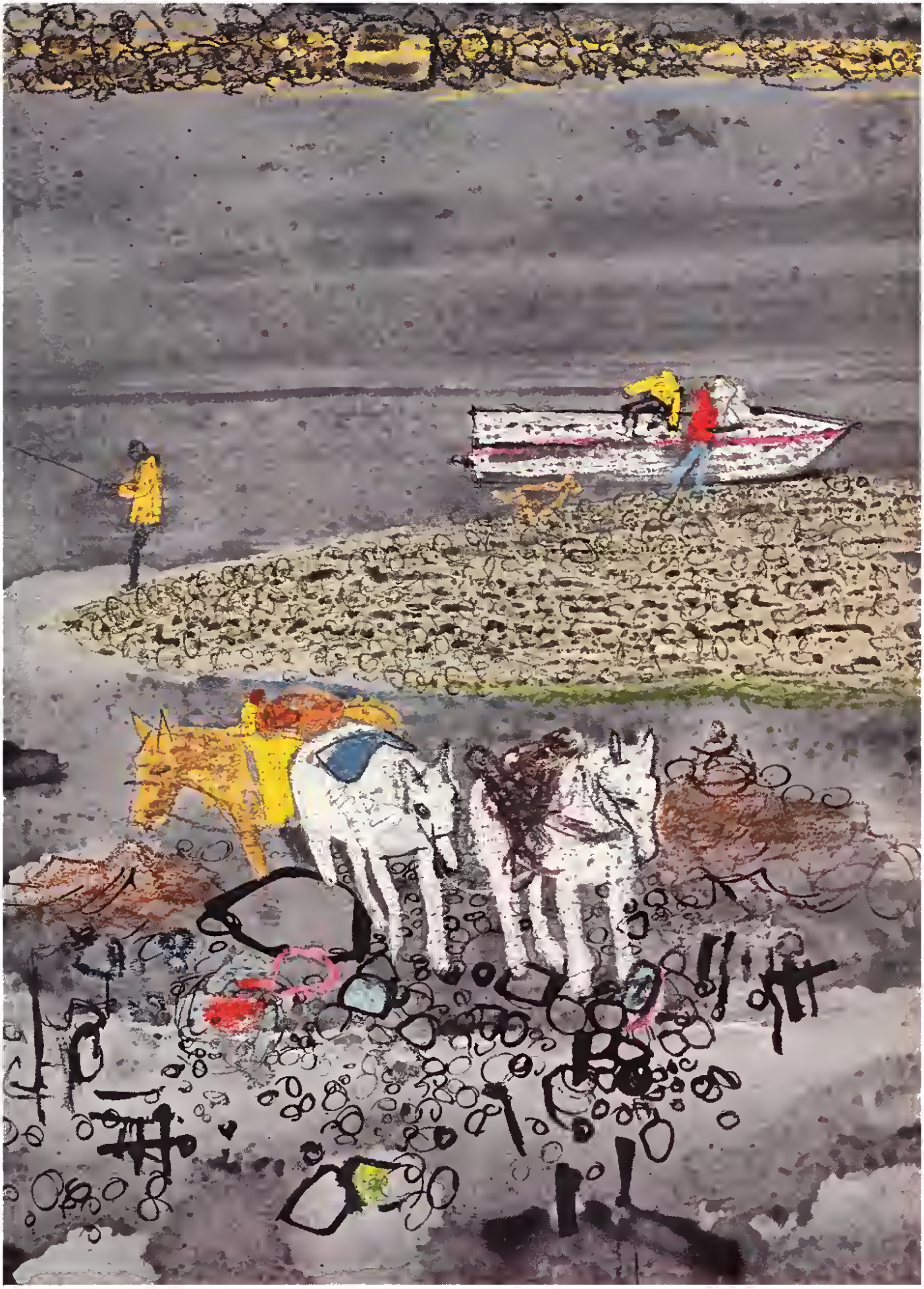
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ELK HUNT *continued*

One morning, following a spell of bad weather that kept them near camp fishing for steelhead and repairing their boat, the hunters set out into the mountains under a red sky portending snow. Briggs depicts what ensued on the following pages. Beyond the snow line they killed their elk and caped, or skinned, them. "The elks' last, dying plunges were clearly marked," Briggs said. "They had fallen over several logs in a strange, dignified pattern as though still insisting on their majesty." That evening the hunters grouped around the fire and talked of women and Khrushchev, neither of whom they could figure out. The elk were less trouble. Reduced to meat and antlers, they went down the mountain on muleback.









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* "Orlon" is Du Pont's reg. trademark for its acrylic fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not yarns or sweaters shown.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Paul Butler has a $100-million-a-year business, flies jet airplanes, walks out on boring parties, swims outdoor every day of the year and is a

MAN WITH 14 POLO FIELDS

He rules over a vast and plush domain not as a feudal lord but as patron of the more active arts

by ***WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG***

Paul Butler is a shy, rich, abundantly self-contained individual who at the tree-ripened age of 72 flies jet airplanes, backs Broadway musicals and is possessed by the most eclectic compulsion in sports: he collects polo fields. At last count he had 14 of them—each about as large as nine football fields—on his estate in Oak Brook, Ill. Exactly what forces impel a man to this passion is uncertain, but a number of possibilities turn up, the least spectacular—and most accurate—of which is Paul Butler's decision to encourage the sports which could decorate Oak Brook in the traditions of a more gracious and leisurely age, that is, of 19th century England, with its love of land and high sportsmanship.

Among sportsmen of the mid-20th century, whose passions run more towards profits and win-at-any-cost, this is as elegant and fulfilling an ambition as being led slowly to one's own execution. Such sportsmen feel that polo is, like whist and spit-in-the-ocean, largely the custom of the dilettante and the effete rich. That Paul Butler is rich is indisputable; that he is not effete is suggested by the fact that he still likes to hunt elk and mountain lions in the Rocky Mountains, that he shoots golf "a little above par," and that he goes for a swim outdoors at least once a day, no matter how cold the weather. And in his younger days he had a pronounced fondness for timber racing, a calisthenic as dilettantish as running the Kentucky Derby through a dense forest. "The thing about this guy," says one of his friends, "is that he's nuts for anything you can *do*—not watch." And that was the impulse behind Oak Brook—to make it the "national capital" of the sports you can do, not watch.

The success of this ambition is reflected on Oak Brook's 3,600 manicured acres, where on any given day pockets of people can be seen, scattered like almonds through a chocolate bar, swimming or playing tennis, playing golf (on one of the three courses on or adjacent to Butler's acreage), riding to hounds, hunting partridge, pheasant or duck (in season, of course), or learning to ride, to shoot (guns or bows and arrows), or—in the wintertime—to skate. On a more exalted level, Oak Brook is both an institution and a haven for the ultimate in competition in a good many sports. Last month it was, for the ninth consecutive year, the site of the National Open in polo. Early in August it was the site of the title matches of the National Archery Association. At various times during the summer it was the site of everything from the Oak Brook Hounds Horse Show—long one of our more soignée exhibitions—to dog-obedience trials.

The fine, juvenescent influence of all this can be seen nowhere better than on Paul Butler. He looks to be in his 40s. His forehead is faintly freckled, but his face is unmarked by the years. His body—160 pounds on a 5-foot-10 frame—is still lean and hard. "Father never let his mind or body get soft," says his daughter, Jorie, "and I think that helps keep him young."

Butler's work alone has been enough to test a strong man. He inherited the J. W. Butler Paper Company from his father, and rather than let it drift in a torpor of modest prosperity he built it into a vast domain—now called simply the Butler Company—with 65 divisions, among them ranching, aviation and sports. "I'd say it would rank, if it were a publicly held corporation, around 400th on FORTUNE's list of the top 500 industrial concerns in the country," says one confidant. "Its sales are about $100 million a year." Today Butler rarely works the 12-to-18-hour days for months at a time that marked his pace in the past; instead, he runs the company from Oak Brook where he can also indulge his addiction to land and sports. His habits, however, have not changed much from the time when he went to work every day in Chicago's Loop. He is still a meticulous man—"almost to the point of being fussy," says one friend. He still gets up very early; he takes his first horseback ride around the grounds shortly after dawn, looking for something that mars the perfection of the land. It is a rare thing to see a dead branch lying on the ground or a fence unmended at Oak Brook.

Butler does not project the customary image of the business leader or the gregarious sports host. There is a very perceptible restraint about him. "He'll give you his best camera, but he doesn't want to be responsible for the pictures you take with it," says one acquaintance. He has long been one of those tormented men of great wealth who find it difficult to say "no" to people for fear of hurting their feelings. "That's why he surrounds himself with so many hatchet men," says Jorie. In social matters, he is terribly introverted, to the point of abruptly getting up and leaving parties. In conversation, he tends to parse and diagram a sentence mentally before uttering it. "He hates to commit himself," says Jorie. Nevertheless, in those rare moments when he's at ease, he can talk with vast sophistication over a great range of subjects—all except one. "He simply loathes talking about himself," explains a friend. "He thinks it's vulgar."

Under the circumstances, therefore, it came almost as a trauma when the late Paul M. Butler, a man with practically a glandular desire to discourse on politics, was named

continued

chairman of the Democratic National Committee in December 1954. At the time Paul Butler—"I have no middle initial"—was flying to his winter home in Palm Beach, Fla., having finished some top-secret government business in Washington. When he landed in Palm Beach and people rushed up to congratulate him, he wondered how his government business had leaked out. It hadn't—but a Palm Beach newspaper, mistaking the dispatches from Washington, had rushed into print with a story about "our own Paul Butler" (who is a Republican) being named chairman of the Democratic National Committee. It seemed quite a feat to the folks in Palm Beach. Though he was embarrassed by the mistake, "our own Paul Butler" and his family found, over the years, that there were occasional advantages to being taken for "the other Paul Butler." One time in Manhattan, a lady who was selling him Christmas cards—"of which I must buy quite a few," he says—gave him an extra discount because she thought he was the Democrats' Paul Butler. Jorie breezed into the 1956 Democratic convention in Chicago simply by announcing —and proving—that she was Paul Butler's daughter.

Aside from politics, Paul Butler is a man of many furious and vagrant cultivations. Their scope is suggested by the books piled under the tables and against the walls of the living room of his home—ranging from Homer's *Iliad* to Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*, from *We* by Charles A. Lindbergh to the *Letters of James Agee to Father Flye*, from *Call of the Wild* to *Pale Fire*. Some years ago he decided—in bravura defiance of the trend of his personality—to back Broadway shows, and his choices thus far reflect a conspicuous commercial savvy: *Kismet*, *Peter Pan* with Mary Martin, and *The Music Man* ("I wound up as the largest single investor"). In his late 60s he decided that, having logged almost 4,000 hours at the controls of propeller-driven planes, he should get his jet pilot's papers—and he did. In sports, he plunged into everything from playing hockey with his children on Salt Creek near his house to all forms of hunting.

But his most enduring enthusiasm has been horses and horsemanship. "He never cared much for Thoroughbred racing," says Jorie. "He always liked riding better than watching races." She feels that polo was a natural progression for a man with her father's temperament and enthusiasms. Contrary to its reputation, polo is about as genteel as Tony Galento. It is as exhilarating—at least for two riders on a collision course—as riding over a cliff in a new car. It is a sport in which a few players—and some ponies—get killed. "Polo demands control and teamwork, and it has an element of danger that I think Daddy likes," says Jorie.

As a player, Paul Butler is so controlled, so terribly purposeful that player, pony, and mallet seem virtually welded into one. He became, at his best, a four-goal player. (This is not an indication of how many goals he would score in a game but a rating on an arbitrary scale in which a 10-goal player is considered perfect.) In later years he reverted—to the immense relief of his family—to lower ranking. "There's great danger that a player who's highly rated will take unusual risks to live up to his ranking and his teammates," says Jorie. Butler still plays a "very strong" No. 1 position, which is akin to playing forward in hockey or basketball. That is, he must always be in a position to receive the ball from a teammate behind him and take it on into the goal or set up the other "forward" (the No. 2 player) for a shot. Though he did not play on Oak Brook's entry in this year's National Open, Butler plays at least two games a week and practices daily. He is, according to one advocate of the sport who has studied him closely, "still a very intelligent player, perhaps not as fast as he was in the past, but he's a good thinker and a very, very good horseman."

Polo was always important to Butler. Because he didn't



ON POLO FIELD, one of Oak Brook's 14, National Open tournament game is held. Each field is big enough to hold nine football grids, and each is used at least once a week. They are part of Butler's complex of facilities, which include a shooting preserve, golf courses and airport.

like the quality of polo ponies available in the United States, he began breeding them on his 24,000-acre ranch in Montana. "A good polo pony has many of the characteristics of a high-grade cow pony," he says. To build the quality of the Oak Brook polo team, he persuaded Cecil Smith, who has been a 10-goal player for 25 consecutive years, to join his club. And finally, to satisfy the internal urgencies about land and sportsmanship, he began building his estate into its present stature.

He built the first polo field at Oak Brook in the middle 1920s, and it was to be 30 years before he finished with the others. At first his family owned about one-fourth of the land it has today. "And it was just a farm, totally and completely a farm," says Jorie. It was so far from the Loop —in time, not in miles—that his father used it only for a weekend retreat. "All we had then was dirt roads," says one old-timer of the area. "Twenty, 30 years ago, it used to take me most of two hours to drive in to the Loop. Longer in the wintertime or rain-time." But Paul moved out there in the 1920s and commuted the 17 miles into the city and back every day. He built his first polo field purely for recreation. But, like a chain smoker, he found that one wasn't enough. He kept building more and more. "The only thing that stopped us was World War II," he says. (Everything was plowed under for food production at that time.) By 1955, he had 14 fields. He reserves three of them as a landing strip for his three airplanes, but the others are in regular use. (It takes $150 to repair a field after a game has been played on it.) "We use every field at least once a week," says Butler, "and we've had as many as four games going out here at one time." But it is not the action alone that satisfies Butler. It is also the way the fields look—as neat and trim as a royal garden. To Butler they look better than money, which is what they could be turned into quickly and easily if he wanted to farm them. "The more land you've got in good turf," he says, "the better your property looks."

Since the polo fields scattered about Oak Brook did not seem to clutter up the estate, Butler built a golf course on the grounds, and quite frankly pilfered ideas from other courses he played. He built a game preserve for hunting. He built 36 miles of riding trails through the forests and, to make sure they won't gradually lose their natural beauty, he has 12,000 trees planted every year. He built one of the nation's toughest courses, the Jonathan Wainwright, for horse and rider in jumping competition. ("It was so tough that they disallowed it for ladies the first year after a couple of wrecks," says Jorie.) He built the most extensive and challenging archery ranges in the nation. He built tennis courts and swimming pools as well as horse rings and stables and picnic areas.

He did not do all this as a monument to himself or to serve the private pleasures of a feudal lord. He did it so that people could enjoy themselves at sports they can "do." Thus Oak Brook is not only Butler's home but also the site of a number of clubs and associations that guide and supervise the sports available there—among them the Oak Brook Polo Club, the Oak Brook Hounds, the Royal Archers Association and the Riding Club of Oak Brook. Butler also arranged for schools teaching many of the sports to be held at Oak Brook. And he gave impetus to some of the more esoteric pastimes and encouragement to the people who engaged in them—*i.e.*, the Chicago Bowhunters, who once could have held a convention in a Volkswagen. Now 700 strong, they practice and hunt at Oak Brook.



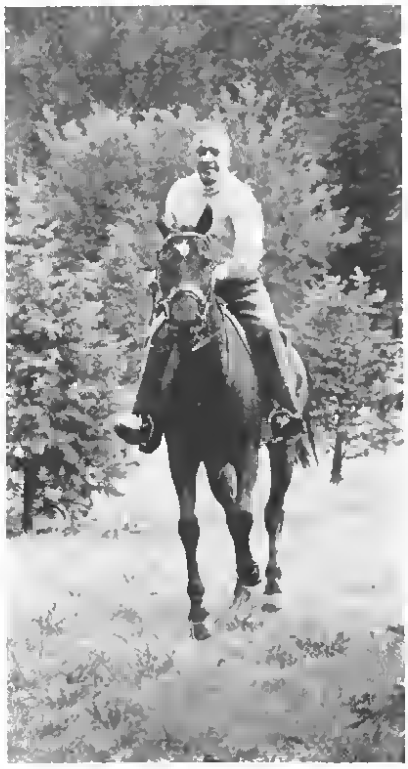
THE CHALLENGING LOOK and hard body of the active sportsman give Butler the appearance of a man half his real age of 72.

The pleasure that all this gives Paul Butler is manifest when he tours the grounds. He much prefers to ride around them on horseback, but once the sun is high and the pace of business urgent he is more likely to take a visitor on a tour by helicopter and station wagon. From the air, Oak Brook is a vast panorama of color—the deep green of the forests, the lighter green crazy-quilt pattern of the polo fields, the aqua of the swimming pools, the splashes of brown where Butler's cattle, brought in from Montana, graze on the lush plain. On a recent helicopter ride, Butler dropped down for a moment on the lawn of The Drake Oak-Brook, the luxury hotel recently opened on the edge of his grounds. He nodded with stiff enthusiasm as a hotel employee gushed, "We've got everything here that White Sulphur Springs has but the mountains." A few minutes later, he was up in the helicopter again, hovering over a field

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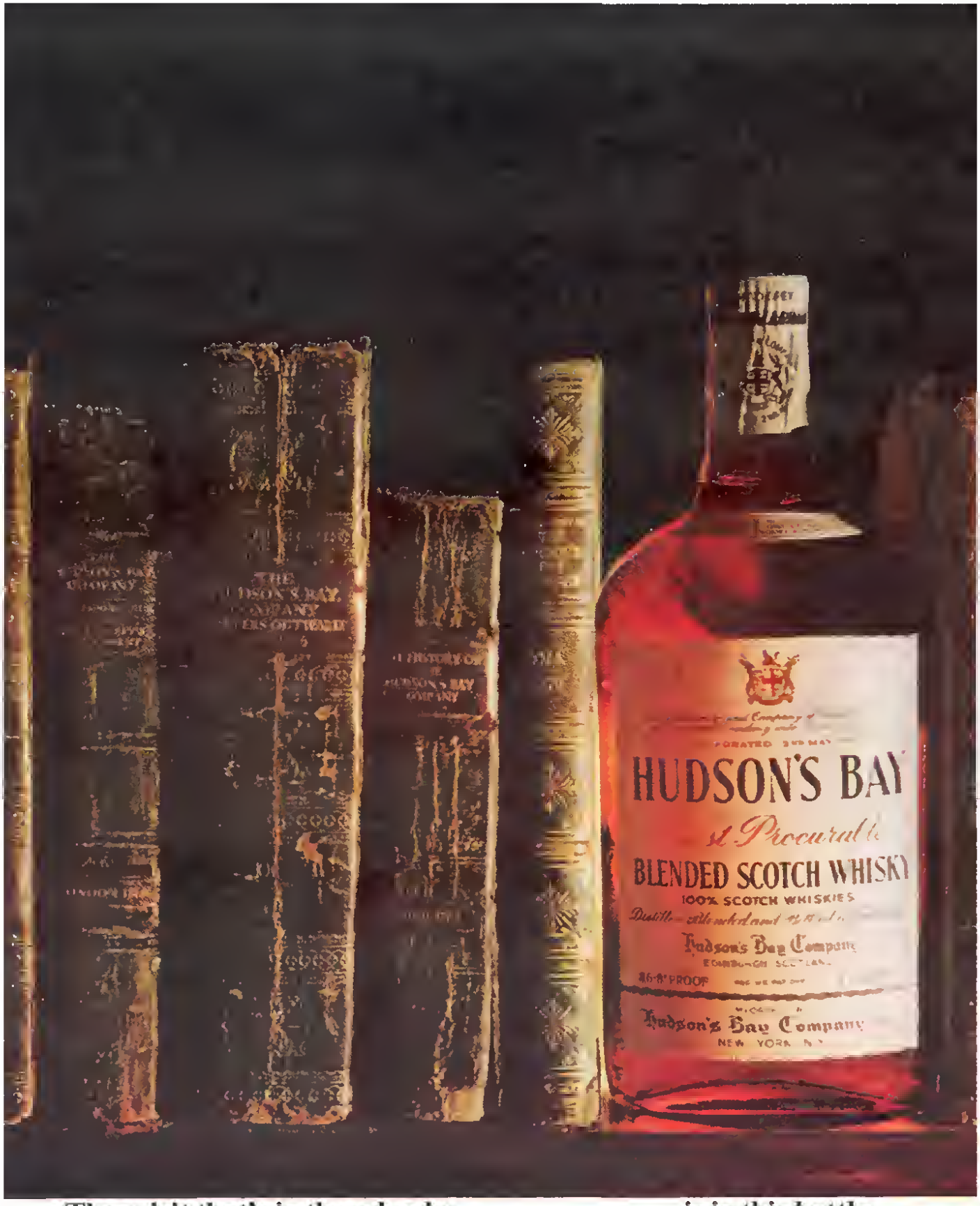
where bodies—human and animal—were scrambled like losers in a dog fight. "A polo class for 15-year-olds," he said. Still later he alighted near a clump of oak trees and transferred to a station wagon. From a white frame house came the metallic—and utterly incongruous—voice of an airport control tower man directing traffic. "We can land or take off in any one of six directions on these fields," said Butler as he guided the station wagon across one of the polo fields. "But we've refused to commercialize them because we want to control the traffic. But anybody who has business here can get clearance to land by radio." This would include anybody from contractors serving Butler Aviation, one of the Butler Company's subsidiaries that offers corporate- and private-plane facilities at 11 airports in the U.S., to the Maharaj Prem Singh of Jodphur, who drops in from time to time for polo. "Actually these particular fields have three uses—for polo, for planes, and for national and international archery competition," says Butler. He drove by a pond—"a small lake for fishing, mostly bass," he said—and then went over to the first tee of a golf course. "Got the idea for this at Lost Tree in Palm Beach," he said. He drove to International Field, the set piece in the string of polo fields, and talked of why Oak Brook offers particular opportunity for building the fine, tough lawns needed for polo. "The soil is 'neutral test'—doesn't have acid in it," he said. "So we can plant Kentucky bluegrass and get a very tough turf. The blade of Kentucky bluegrass has a very short stem and a deep root. So it aerates the soil and takes moisture from deep down." A little while later he stopped at another polo field set on a plateau somewhat higher than those around it—"around 40 feet higher altogether," he said. "We call it The Island, and we can use it when rain has drained down and forced us to give up on the others." He drove on past an area set up for horsemanship. "The hunter trial course," he said. "Five hunts in the Chicago area use it." He drove on into the woods, carefully choosing paths large enough to accommodate the car. "It's a real pleasure," he said in the tone of a man who's enjoying the sensation of entering a chapel, "to walk through here in the morning with a horse." From time to time he pointed out bridges set over the various streams. "We've got about a dozen bridges here altogether," he said, "most of them for golfers." At a large clearing he paused before a wooden blockade and decided he couldn't get through. "This is Corporation Park," he said. "It's land set aside for picnics for employees of corporations in the Chicago area. We'll have anywhere from 3,000 to 7,000 people in here for picnics. They use it every week from May to October—twice a week." When he got back to the main road, he paused briefly at the kennels—"32 dogs in our hound pack"—and then drove on past the stables. "We've been adding to them pretty much every year," he said, "but I don't know if we can add much more." At present Oak Brook can stable 400 horses—as many as some racetracks—and yet was hard-pressed for room for all the horses shipped in for the National Open in polo. This was a scattershot view of Oak Brook, yet during it Butler could not conceal his happiness and pride in the land and what it means.

During the middle 1950s, as he was approaching the end of his long-term design, Butler found the city encroaching upon him. The edge of Oak Brook suddenly became the pivotal point in the whole superhighway system in the Midwest, where the toll roads leading east, north and west came together with the superhighway leading into the heart of Chicago. (O'Hare Field is 12 minutes away by auto, Midway Airport only 20 minutes away. The trip into the Loop now takes less than 25 minutes.) Oak Brook seemed fated to become a gaudy gulch of neon-lit hotels or a vast, baroque real estate development of look-alike houses for suburbanites. To slow, or to prevent all this, Paul Butler began working with other landowners to retain a sense of civilization—not necessarily that of the mid-20th century—at Oak Brook. They incorporated the area and worked out a plan for admitting industry—"strictly 'think' projects, no factories", says one of his aides—and for building homes for the type of people who would work in those industries. He also hoped and intended that these people would seek their recreation on his grounds—that he could, in effect, provide an ideal climate for working, living and playing without the constrictions of city living. But he preserved his own sense of perfection. An architectural committee was set up to study all plans, and it was infected with the ideas that Butler brought to his own grounds. "If Paul didn't like the way your building plans looked, then out you went—he didn't care how big a corporation you represented," says one business associate. But there were to be lures to compensate for all this. There are to be no village taxes in Oak Brook, other than a retail sales tax in the local shopping center. "Taxes," says one friend dryly, "are not Paul's idea of perfection."



MORNING INSPECTION of property is part of Butler's program to keep Oak Brook tidy.

Just how much of a rent in the social fabric all this will make is debatable. The impulses of 20th century American civilization may be too great to check; its excesses may surround, though they will hardly inundate, Oak Brook. But even surrounded and besieged, Paul Butler is certain to survive, hard by his collection of polo fields and warmed by the artifacts of a more gracious way of life. **END**



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Young season, old enemies

Tradition to the contrary, not all fierce and ancient rivalries are confined to the short, chill afternoons of late November. As the huge, intensely partisan crowds that packed into stadiums at Dallas, Pittsburgh and East Lansing, Mich. last weekend attest, the second Saturday in October can be a pretty big day, too, for the mixing of warm emotions and hot blood.

• **AT DALLAS,** where the hottest blood boiled, 75,504 were on hand to watch an overanxious Oklahoma team fumble away a possible upset victory over heavily favored Texas. It was the 57th game of a rivalry that started in 1900. The Longhorns won 9–6 in a bruiser that ended in a near-riot with both benches swarming angrily onto the field. "Sure, it's a big one," said one of the two dozen Texans on the Oklahoma team, "but especially for us guys who played high school ball in Texas. It's up to us to show our folks and friends back home that we made the right choice."

A couple of these transplanted Texans seemed to have made the right choice—for Texas. In the second quarter Oklahoma Quarterback Monte Deere, from Amarillo, heaved a wild lateral that was recovered by Texas on the Sooner 27 and set up its first score—a fourth-down field goal by the Longhorns' barefooted Tony Crosby from the 16-yard line. Soon after, Texas scored again, this time when Paul Lea of Oklahoma, a halfback from Terrell, Tex., fumbled a bad pitchout from Deere in the end zone and Texas Center Perry McWilliams jumped on the ball for the touchdown. Oklahoma scored shortly before half time but never really threatened again as Halfback Ernie Koy, whose father, Ernie Sr., helped Texas beat Oklahoma 30 years ago, kept the Sooners bottled up with superb punting. Texas now leads in the series, 35–20–2, has won in each of the last five years and continues undefeated this year.

• **AT EAST LANSING** 77,501 gleefully watched home team Michigan State crush neighboring Michigan 28–0 in the 55th game of a heated series that began back in 1898. Michigan fans relish charging up the rivalry to fever pitch with derisive cheers like "Cow College . . . Mooo," often to the chagrin of the Michigan coaching staff. "I wish," sighed one assistant, "they'd cut out that moo stuff. You can see the hair stand up on the necks of those State kids. They want to kill us."

They sure do. The first Spartan victory of the modern era, a 14–7 win in 1950, triggered wild rioting on the East Lansing campus during which students heaved rocks, tipped over cars and were arrested in wholesale lots. This year the fun was confined to the football field. The Spartans ran a simple offense of dives, traps and a few sweeps, 154-pound Tailback Sherman Lewis scored three times and State rolled up 391 yards on the ground to the Wolverines' 72. Michigan still leads in the series 35–16–4, but for Coach Duffy Daugherty it was the sixth victory (one tie) in seven years over the unfriendly neighbor. "One game doesn't make a season," said Duffy, "but this one has grown so big it pales the Army–Navy game in interest."

• **AT PITTSBURGH** several hundred rooters shouted and stomped their feet with joy outside the West Virginia dressing room after the Mountaineers had defeated favored Pitt 15–8 in the 55th game of a rivalry that began in 1895. Over 34,000 saw an underdog win for the eighth time in 11 years. Trailing 8–7 midway through the final quarter and jammed against its own end zone, West Virginia suddenly came to life when Halfback Tom Woodeshick turned the right side of the Pitt line and went 49 yards to the Panther 42 before being bounced out of bounds from behind. From there West Virginia marched steadily to its winning touchdown. Pitt still leads in the long series by a top-heavy 39–15–1, but it was West Virginia's second victory in a row over Pitt and kept the Mountaineers undefeated this year through four games.



BACK OF THE WEEK: Northwestern Quarterback Tom Myers (*left*) completed 16 of 25 passes for 26 points against Minnesota. **LINEMAN OF THE WEEK:** End Bob Jencks scored all 10 Miami of Ohio points on a field goal, pass and PAT in 10–7 upset of Purdue.

THE EAST

***THE TOP THREE:* 1. ARMY (3-1) 2. PENN STATE (3-1) 3. PITT (2-2)**

All week long the tension, subtly nurtured by Army Coach Paul Dietzel, was building at West Point. Last Saturday, while the aroused cadet corps raised an unholy din that may have been heard as far south as Annapolis, the brash Chinese Bandits outhit and outscrambled bigger and supposedly much better Penn State and stopped every *Lion thrust*. State's *Ron Coates* kicked two field goals, from the 22- and 14-yard lines, to one for Army's Dick Heydt—from the 25—and Penn State led 6–3. Then, with 10:12 to go, the fierce Bandits separated State's Junior Powell from the ball on the 18-yard line. Four plays later Halfback Dick Peterson slipped down the middle, grabbed Cammy Lewis' 15-yard pass in the end zone, and Army was an upset winner 9–6.

Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, appalled by Syracuse's inability to score, reasoned, "You can't do things fancy until you can do them simple." So he shifted Bill Schoonover back to his old fullback spot, moved sophomore Jim Nance to left half, installed sophomore Walley Mahle at quarterback and turned them loose against Boston College. The changes worked. Mahle ran for 101 yards and two scores, and the Orangemen won 12–0. Rutgers, too, broke its losing streak, beating Colgate 27–15. But Boston U. lost its fourth straight, to George Washington 14–6.

Princeton and Dartmouth were still win-

continued

ning in the Ivy League. The Tigers beat Penn 21–8 while Dartmouth, the nation's defense leader, held Brown to 14 yards rushing and whipped the Bruins 41–0. Columbia beat Yale 14–10, but it was a sad day for those Ivy Leaguers who ventured out of the club. Navy whomped Cornell 41–0 and Holy Cross outscored Harvard 34–20.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (4-0) 2. LSU (3-0-1) 3. GEORGIA TECH (3-1)

Houston committed the unpardonable error of kicking a field goal against Alabama in the very first period and the Cougars paid dearly for their intrusion. The tough Alabama line threw the Houston backs for 49 yards in losses, Center Lee Roy Jordan broke through to fall on a fumble in the end zone, Cotton Clark slithered over from the three and the Crimson Tide won 14–3.

At Atlanta Georgia Tech's Mr. Cool had another hot day. Quarterback Billy Lothridge ran for 79 yards and one touchdown, passed for 56 more and another score (to Billy Martin, the Jolly Giant), kicked a 26-yard field goal and Tech beat Tennessee 17–0. LSU let Miami's George Mira complete his showy passes in midfield but tightened its defenses whenever the Hurricanes got close enough to be dangerous. Meanwhile, Jerry Stovall smashed off tackle for 26 yards, sophomore Larry Leblanc ran 10 yards and the Tigers earned a 17–3 victory.

Florida, treating Texas A&M's Hank Foldberg more like a hated enemy than a former Gator assistant coach, poured it on, even went for two points after blocking a kick for a touchdown in the final seconds to complete a 42–6 shellacking. Auburn overwhelmed Chattanooga 54–6 while Mississippi State romped over Tulane 35–6 and Georgia upset Clemson 24–16.

After years of failure against West Coast teams, Duke got even for some of them by beating California 21–7. The Blue Devils gave Cal the pass but concentrated on stopping their sweeps, then sent swift Mark Leggett and sophomore Mike Curtis storming through the skimpy Bear line. Maryland's Dick Shiner completed 14 of 18 passes, mostly to Halfbacks Tom Brown and Ernie Arizzi, for 175 yards and two touchdowns, scored a third himself and the Terps beat North Carolina 31–13. South Carolina trimmed Wake Forest 27–6.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OHIO STATE (2-1) 2. NORTHWESTERN (3-0) 3. NEBRASKA (4-0)

Rarely has the Big Ten experienced such a disenchanting season. First their best teams were beaten by West Coast schools and last week came the unkindest cut of all. Miami of Ohio caught Purdue with its defenses lagging and upset the Boilermakers 10–7. An 88-yard pass play, from left-handed Quarterback Ernie Kellerman to End Bob Jencks, who had earlier kicked a 31-yard field goal, won for the happy Redskins.

The condition of Illinois football was reflected in a one-word message on badges worn by many fans for the homecoming game against Ohio State: "Mercy." But OSU showed none. Woody Hayes's quality boys crunched to 517 yards on the ground, seven players raced over for touchdowns and the inept Illini were humiliated 51–15. But Northwestern, with the hottest passer in the conference, will be tougher for the Buckeyes this Saturday. Tom Myers threw four touchdown passes as the Wildcats beat Minnesota 34–22. "We've finally got a complete team," enthused Coach Ara Parseghian. "We're in the Big Ten race." How far in, only time—and Ohio State, Wisconsin and Michigan State—will tell.

Wisconsin, too, was shaping up as a formidable contender. With senior Quarterback Ron Vander Kelen pitching like a major leaguer, the Badgers brought down Notre Dame 17–8. But Iowa, still having troubles, barely made it past Indiana 14–10.

In the Big Eight Kansas ground out its yardage the hard way, overpowered Iowa State 29–8, while Missouri, using the pass judiciously and perfectly (six for six), beat Arkansas State 32–0, and Oklahoma State whipped Colorado 36–16. However, Nebraska barely pulled out ahead of North Carolina State 19–14 on Halfback Dennis Stuewe's 13-yard run in the final minute.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ARKANSAS (4-0) 2. TEXAS (4-0) 3. NEW MEXICO (4-1)

Quarterback Billy Moore got Arkansas off to a 28–0 lead against Baylor, but then the Porkers turned fat and lazy. Baylor's Don Trull passed them dizzy, Ronnie Goodwin snared passes and ran like a berserk jackrabbit, and Arkansas barely won 28–21.

TCU's Sonny Gibbs finally had one of his really good games as the Frogs rode his two touchdown passes and two scoring plunges to a 35–13 win over Texas Tech. But Rice had a dismal night. Oregon hit the Owls with a claque of eye-blinking backs and all but ran them out of Rice Stadium while winning 31–12. The best, of course, was Mel Renfro, who ripped the Rice linemen for 141 yards, scored one touchdown and generally made a nuisance of himself. Observed Rice's empty-handed Jerry Candler, "You reach out for him, right in front of you, and suddenly he's five yards gone."

No one but the determined Lobos would have given a dead wolf for New Mexico's chances after Utah State powered to a 13–0 lead. They came back smartly, tied the Aggies on Bobby Santiago's 22-yard pass to Larry Jasper with 1:50 to play, then won 14–13 on Ed Meadows' placement kick.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WASHINGTON (3-0-1) 2. USC (3-0) 3. UCLA (2-0)

Just hours after the Oregon National Guard had been called out to prevent looting in wreckage-littered Portland, Washington stole off with a 14–13 victory over Oregon State in plain view of 30,000 storm survivors. Leading 13–7 on Terry Baker's passes, State fumbled on the Husky 40 midway in the final period. Many minutes later Charlie Mitchell barely touched the end zone and Jim Norton kicked the winning point.

Overconfident after last week's upset of Ohio State and scornful of Colorado State's 19 straight losses, UCLA was outgained and nearly outscored in the first half. Superior depth finally overwhelmed the underdog Coloradoans 35–7. A blocked kick, Kenny Graham's 92-yard kickoff return and Clete Baltes' three interceptions upended Stanford 21–6 for Washington State.

Brigham Young's Eldon Fortie scored a touchdown and increased his total yardage to 992 for the season, but Utah won 35–20.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Ohio State over Northwestern. Not even Tom Myers can pull this one through.

Michigan State over Notre Dame. The Spartans are faster and tougher.

Wisconsin over Iowa. Wisconsin attacks too ferociously for the troubled Hawkeyes.

Kansas over Oklahoma. The diligent Jayhawkers peck away until they win.

Miami over Maryland.* Miami's Mira over Maryland's Shiner in an air battle.

Penn State over Syracuse. After the Army defeat, the Lions are hungry.

UCLA over Pitt. UCLA will make the most of Pitt's defensive shortcomings.

Arkansas over Texas. Quick and slick Arkansas has Billy Moore quarterbacking.

New Mexico over Utah. The precocious Lobos will outrun the bigger Redskins.

Washington over Stanford. The Huskies have better balance, especially on offense.

**Friday night game*

OTHER GAMES

CORNELL OVER YALE
DUKE OVER CLEMSON
GEORGIA TECH OVER AUBURN
HARVARD OVER COLUMBIA
MIAMI (OHIO) OVER OHIO
RICE OVER SMU
S. CAROLINA OVER N. CAROLINA
TCU OVER TEXAS A&M
USC OVER CALIFORNIA
VILLANOVA OVER DELAWARE

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

13 RIGHT, 7 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 51-25-4

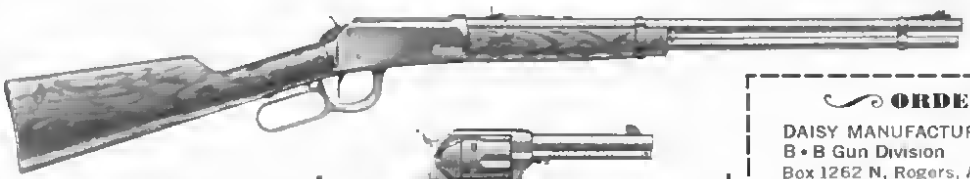


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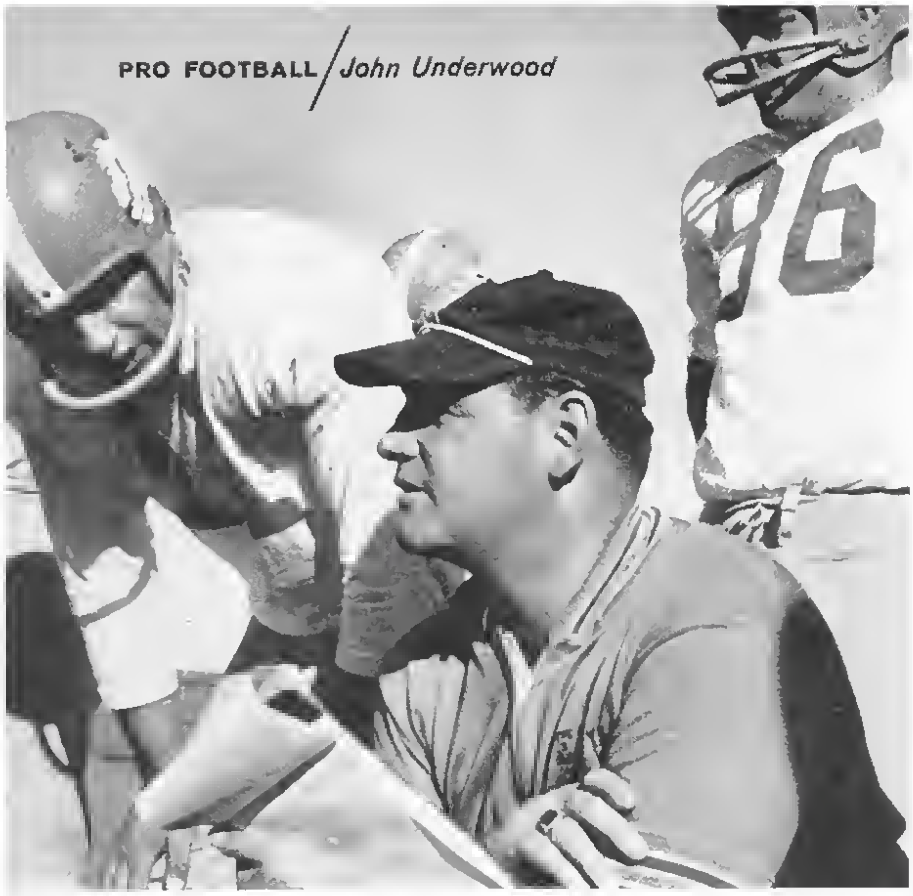
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Mile-high hopes in high old Denver

Jack Faulkner, the youngest pro coach, has his American League team in first place—and the town in love with him

It used to be that the people of Denver —with a hauteur once reserved for Molly Brown of Leadville—would refer to the Denver Broncos of the American Football League as "the finest high school team in the state." The Broncos were equal to the compliment. As the Mile-high City looked down its mile-long nose, the Broncos, playing to as few as 7,000 fans, lost 20 games in two years and, what's more, *looked* like losers in their drab brown uniforms and vertical-striped socks. That's the way it used to be.

Sunday the unsinkable Broncos, new pride of Denver, miracle turnabout of the AFL, won their fifth game in six 1962 starts, routing winless Oakland 23–6. They did it in what has become their fashion, with Quarterback Frank Tripucka probing and jabbing with short- and medium-range passes, one for a touchdown, Gene Mingo kicking field goals (three) and a quick-charging defensive line forcing Raider mistakes. They now lead Dallas by half a game in the Western Division and look almost good enough to believe. Denver, believing, is rushing to Bears Stadium to declare the Broncos acceptable.

Contributing to this turn of fortune are: 1) an ownership with a will to spend money and the money to spend—and the foresight to have hired 2) Jack Faulkner, the new head coach with no experience as a head coach who remade the staff and brought about a masterpiece of 3) reorganization, beginning with a change in uniform colors from losers' golden brown to winners' orange, blue and white. In a special rite before the season, the Broncos gathered on the practice field (also new) and ceremoniously burned the vertical-striped socks. But most of all it is Faulkner who, at 36, is two weeks younger than Norm Van Brocklin, whom he replaced as the youngest head coach in pro football. He played for Sid Gillman at Miami, Ohio, and for the 13 years since has been defense assistant to Gillman at Cincinnati University and with the Los Angeles Rams and the San Diego Chargers.

Faulkner is much the Gillman type: a believer in meticulous programming and public relations ("I musta made a thousand speeches the first six months I was here," he said), a strong-minded, personable man, well groomed, stockily built, with a lump nose and a manner just devious enough to be intriguing. Denver sportswriters, who love him, like to imagine there is a touch of larceny in Faulkner. They glow in the retelling of Gillman's charge that he caught a Denver spy writing notes on a Dixie cup at the San Diego camp before the first game of the season (which Denver portentously won 31–21). "I got him, I caught your man," Gillman bleated long distance. "I don't know what you're talking about," answered Faulkner.

When the 275-pound rookie tackle Isaac Lassiter was being sought by the Dallas Texans, who had first rights for his contract, Faulkner was accused of hiding him in Denver. Faulkner denied it, but he did not deny he knew where Lassiter could be found. The Broncos wound up signing Lassiter legitimately, but the episode smacked of skulduggery. "He he he," chortled Bob Bowie of *The Denver Post*. "That's our boy."

Closer to the truth is the fact that Faulkner is quite strict (though not by comparison with Cleveland's Paul Brown) in his demands for good conduct by his players: no smoking in public places because it's "bad for kids to see," no beer in the locker room or on airplanes, ties and coats on the road, a strict adherence to curfews. "They're all good about it, but sometimes they can make you laugh," he said. "One night at camp I was checking beds when I spotted Goose Gonsoulin and Bob Zeman trying to slip in before I got to their

room. When I reached their room there they were—all cuddled up, playing possum. I flipped the covers back and they still had their clothes on. 'All right,' I said, '37 minutes late, a dollar a minute, that's 37 bucks.' They complained, so I called in Bud McFadin. You know Bud. Big, tough, smart. A great leader. He's chairman of the grievance committee. He listened to them for about half a breath and said, 'Awright, awright. $37 apiece. Case dismissed.'"

Faulkner is, besides Gillman, the only head coach in the league who doubles as general manager. He was given free rein and a big bank balance almost from the moment he arrived in Denver last January. He came at the bidding of Team President Calvin W. Kunz, one of the seven moneyed Denver natives who the year before had bought a majority interest in Rocky Mountain Empire Sports Incorporated when it appeared that the Broncos and the Denver baseball club, also owned by RMESI, were about to founder. Chairman of the board and strongest member is Gerald H. Phipps, scion of the richest family in Colorado. In 1961 the Broncos lost $300,000. "We studied the history of the National Football League and the future of the AFL and felt the Broncos would eventually be our moneymakers," said Phipps. "But we decided after that that it was going to take a lot more spending this year."

First of the big spenders

Both Phipps and Kunz took a quick liking to Faulkner, and Faulkner immediately qualified as a big spender. He added three new assistants, all from winning teams: Mac Speedie, end coach from Houston; Jim Martin, formerly of the Detroit Lions, offensive line coach; and Gary Glick, ex-Baltimore Colt, defensive backfield. Salaries were half again greater than those paid to the 1961 Bronco staff of the deposed Frankie Filchock. Faulkner retained Line Coach Dale Dodrill and, surprisingly, made few significant changes in the team.

"We always had the talent," says Tripucka. "But we never had organization. We used to make up plays in the huddle: 'O.K., who wants to run out for a pass?' And on blocking assignments at the line of scrimmage I was up there pointing to the guys on the other team: 'Somebody better get him. Somebody better take him.' When they put two men over the center I was doomed to wind up on my behind, because all we ever blocked was the man on our nose." Tripucka was on his behind often last year, unbefitting a man of his age (34) and paternal accomplishment (six children and a seventh due in January). He began to feel very old at season's end and threatened for the 948th time to retire. With the arrival of Faulkner, he changed his mind. "Now here," he said, "is an organizer. This team will go now."

Martin taught the offensive line some basic truths about blocking. Speedie did the same for End Lionel Taylor, the best pass receiver in the league, and improved the catching technique of Tight End Gene Prebola. The defensive secondary was reinforced by the purchase of Bob Zeman of San Diego. Tripucka discovered he had still another fine receiver in Bob Scarpitto, formerly with San Diego; and by half time of the first game unsuspecting San Diego, the defending Western champion, was down 24–7. Mingo had kicked a 53-yard field goal, Tripucka had thrown two touchdown passes and the record 28,000 Denverites present (the Broncos must average only 22,000 to break even) were so possessed with the surprise of it all they stood and cheered for 60 seconds as the team left the field.

George Shaw, picked up from the Minnesota Vikings of the NFL when Van Brocklin became disenchanted with him, now spells Tripucka at quarterback. The Broncos throw 85% of the time—or six plays out of seven—but Faulkner would like to cut that down. "Cut it down?" said Speedie, the one-time Cleveland Brown end. "Let's throw *more*." It is likely, however, that with the return of Halfback Donnie Stone the Broncos will do more with a supplementary running game. They will need this ultimately to beat Dallas.

Faulkner, meanwhile, is never far removed from his small miracle. He talks football constantly. Flitting around Denver in his new Pontiac, he gets so preoccupied that his coaches say he becomes a menace. At dinner with friends, Faulkner can be seen drawing surreptitious Xs and Os on napkins and tablecloths. He goes back to the office nights to watch game films until he is bleary-eyed. His pretty wife Betty, who often finds him asleep on the sofa where he has flopped after a long day that went on into the night, once discovered him asleep at 5 a.m., his infant son John nestled in his arms, baby bottle clutched in his hand. "I guess," she said, "it is not always easy to work wonders." END



THE PIPE SMOKER'S
Miscellany
TIDBITS, TIPS AND TRIVIA ON THE ART OF PIPESMANSHIP

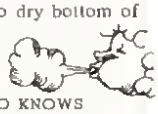
HOW TO KEEP YOUR HEEL DRY



You can discourage (or, hopefully, prevent entirely) a soggy heel from developing in the bowl of your pipe by always following these two procedures of pipesmanship.

1 After every pipeful you smoke empty out *all* ashes—and *all* unsmoked tobacco, too. Leave a respectable cake, of course.

2 After every pipe-cleaning, leave the stem out of the shank overnight to give both an airing. If you like, you can leave a clean pipe-cleaner in the shank to dry bottom of the bowl and shank thoroughly.

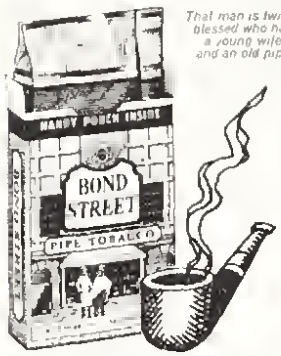


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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

A partner can't always call the pitch

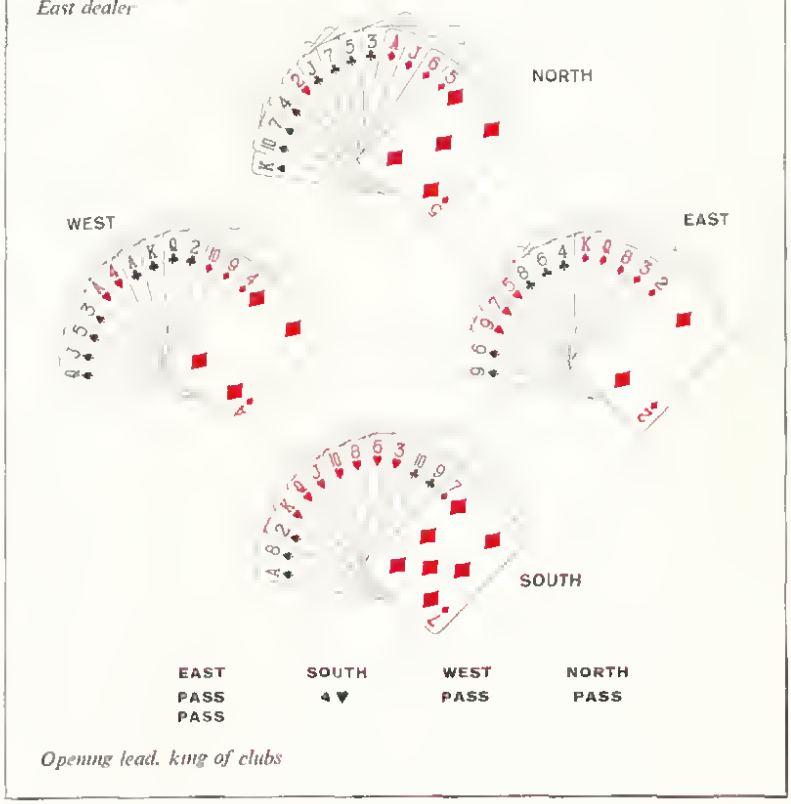
East wigwags, 'Please don't lead clubs,' but West understands that a signal is not necessarily an order and finds a way to set the contract

If you watched the World Series you undoubtedly noticed a very common baseball occurrence: the pitcher firmly shaking off the catcher's signal. This takes a certain amount of courage, for a whole stadiumful of people—not to mention a few million TV viewers—is now aware that whatever happens on the next pitch is solely the responsibility of the opinionated man on the mound.

A similar bravery is demanded of the bridge player who, defending a hand, crashes on through his partner's vehement stop signs or ignores his partner's urgent call to continue playing the suit that has been led. He had better be right in his decision or he will lose a lot of points, considerable face and maybe even a partner.

In the following hand West was firmly warned that he could not successfully cash a third trick in clubs. But West knew something about the hand which his partner did not.

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
PASS	4 ♥	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead, king of clubs

South is a full trick short of the textbook requirement for a vulnerable preemptive bid. The rule of two and three—that you may overbid by two tricks when vulnerable and three tricks not vulnerable—is based on the sensible precaution that you should not risk a set of more than 500 points against the opponents' possible game. But nowadays an opening three bid has come to be based upon such flimsy stuff that South, with his 100 honors to hold his losses to no more than 700 if partner were trickless, was not wildly out of line when he chose to open with four hearts.

West had to exercise restraint to keep from doubling. But his partner had already passed, so hopes of an East-West game were slight and if South happened to hold a singleton or void in clubs, a double would be very costly.

East played the 4 on his partner's opening lead of the club king and continued with the 6 when West cashed the club queen. West could, therefore, be certain that East had another club and that South was out, for if East had started with only two clubs he would have played high-low. There was a fair chance that East would welcome a switch to diamonds and West had his fingers on the diamond 10 when he paused for a moment to count South's probable hand. South must have had at least seven hearts and very likely the ace of spades as well. (The king-queen of diamonds was a possibility but less likely to warrant an opening four bid.)

So West ignored his partner's signal and played the ace of clubs. South ruffed as expected. But when declarer led a heart, West stepped in with the ace and led a fourth club, effectively killing dummy's jack before South could use it for a discard. South still had to lose a spade and was set.

West's defense had foreseen the possibility of a squeeze that would have been inescapable if he had shifted to diamonds. Declarer would have won dummy's diamond ace and knocked out the ace of trumps. Then he would ruff the diamond continuation and lead out all his trumps. Forced to hold the high club, West would have to unguard his queen-jack of spades and declarer would win the last three tricks.

EXTRA TRICK

Signals are of the utmost value in telling partner your strength and distribution. But it is up to him to make the most effective use of the information. **END**



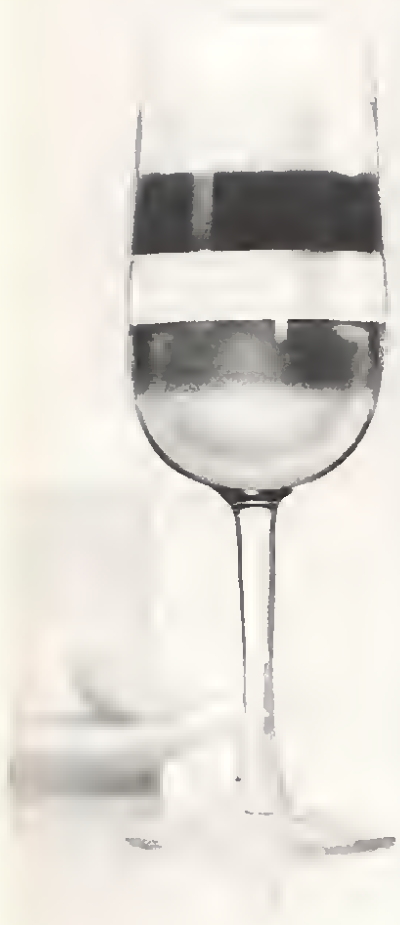
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BASEBALL / *Roy Terrell*

A long look through the rain

Some reflections on the World Series and the season just past lead to a surprising discovery concerning the American League

This week, as the 1962 World Series moved into its final month and the lobby of San Francisco's Palace Hotel rang to the anguished cries of baseball writers who had neglected to send out their laundry on Friday, several fascinating questions arose concerning the future of the game as related to events just past. The most important of these, by far, was not whether the Giants would beat out the Dodgers again in the last gasp of '63—or whether the Pirates would beat out the Cubs, or the Mets beat out . . . well, maybe that is carrying things too far, but it does illustrate the type of baseball one has come to expect from the National League. It is assumed and accepted that there will be a pennant race over there. The big question is whether the Yankees can beat the American League again with a three-man pitching staff.

Should Whitey Ford win 25 games, as he did in '61, or only 17, as this year, Ralph Houk has a right to expect Ralph Terry to come through with another big season and to count on Bill Stafford for improvement, since both are young pitchers with a great deal of talent. But the American League season is not a best-of-seven affair, broken up by travel dates, it is a long, weary marathon of 162 ball games, and three pitchers are hardly enough. Ford, Terry and Stafford managed to turn in generally sound performances against the Giants, holding San Francisco's power hitters in check. But one could only imagine, with a shudder, what might have happened to Roland Sheldon or Jim Bouton had one of these had to plug the gap. Well, the Giants are only a good team, not a great one, and with the exception of Willie Mays, who comes not from a different league but a different planet, the Twins and the Tigers and the Angels have hitters just as dangerous as these. The Yankees are hurting, the rest of the American League is catching up and this is the best news that baseball has had in years.

If this sounds like heresy to a generation that has been raised on Yankee lore, there are several items that should be pointed out before the storm. First, the only two teams that could be considered logical challengers to the Yankees defected early in '62. Detroit lost Al Kaline for almost half a season, and Frank Lary was as useless as a snowman with a frozen arm after pitching through an abominable blizzard on opening day. Baltimore, thanks to President Kennedy's concern for the national welfare, lost both Ron Hansen and Steve Barber to the Army Reserves, placing the Orioles in wonderful shape to fight a war but a little short in the ball park. Yet the Yankees had to fight in fear of their lives, almost to the final week of the season, from the double pursuit of the Los Angeles Angels, no less, and the Minnesota Twins. The fact that both were able to remain in sight of the Yankees well past Labor Day, that fear-inspiring date following which the Yankees usually rise up and send the opposition howling back to the rear, makes it fair to wonder if the dynasty that began with the first pennant strung up in The Bronx by old Jake Ruppert way back in 1921 is not at long last finally approaching its end.

Yankee lovers, the less appealing half of a psychotically related breed, point to the admirable 1962 performance of young Tom Tresh and insist that the Yankees will continue to mend their imperfections as before. What they overlook is that, of the seven Yankee farm clubs, only Fort Lauderdale of the Class D Florida State League finished higher than fifth this year. If there is another Tom Tresh down there, he should stand up and shout. There is no Mickey Mantle in sight, and even the Yankees admit that.

The happy thought that the American League might begin to rival the National in producing a pennant race

as a regular, scheduled event was the most important development of 1962 but not the only one. It was discovered during the year that the process of dressing a warm body in a major league uniform does not convince the object inside that the Polo Grounds is different from Des Moines. Thus the New York Metropolitans—even with George Weiss in the front office, Casey Stengel on the dugout steps and Marv Throneberry at first base—managed to lose the remarkable total of 120 ball games in just one year. Maury Wills, a skinny little guy with a disarming smile and larceny in his liver, proved that stealing a base, when repeated 104 times, can be as spectacular as the longest home run ever hit. And speaking of home runs, Roger Maris hit 33 instead of 61, a decrease some are inclined to attribute less to the way in which Roger swung a bat than to the careless fashion in which those little old ladies at A.G. Spalding and Bros. Inc. wrapped the yarn around the baseballs this year. The same neglect, no matter what Ford Frick says, undoubtedly helped Ray Herbert, among seven others, win 20 games and people like Earl Wilson, Jack Kralick, Bo Belinsky and Bill Monbouquette pitch no-hitters.

Sandy Koufax threw a no-hitter, too, but then Sandy was the best pitcher in baseball for half a season and would almost certainly have pitched the Dodgers to the pennant in a breeze, had not a blood clot lodged in the palm of his left hand. Koufax, with a 14-4 record and 208 strikeouts at this point, couldn't strike out your little sister the rest of the way.

One change in format

As for the World Series itself, it proved again that the two league champions are remarkably well matched. Only twice in recent years—when the Dodgers beat the White Sox in six games in '59, and last year when the Yankees won in five—has a Series failed to go the full route. The rain was all that made 1962 different, and as this was hardly a welcome departure the commissioner might consider one change in the format: in the event that the Giants win the pennant again in 1963, would it not be wise to schedule the Series for Mount Waialeale, Hawaii, where the mean annual rainfall of 471.68 inches is spread out over the entire year, rather than descending entirely in the month of October? **END**

THE ARCHITECT

Designer of some of today's most-talked-about buildings. Pretty well talked about himself, for being as neatly turned out as his structures. "My secret," he says "is spelled K-u-p-p-e-n-h-e-i-m-e-r. My clients want buildings with the extra built-in value of good, sound design. I buy clothes for the same reason. I have confidence in Kuppenheimer quality, and they give me confidence in the wearing. I'll tell you another secret. My favorite men's store salesman perks out all my accessories. That's his job, and he's good at it." Outercoats from $90 to $425, wherever only good clothes and accessories are sold. B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc., Chicago 12, Ill. · New York · Melbourne



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THE KUPPENHEIMER LOOK IS THE CONFIDENT LOOK

Jerry Cooke

A racetrack begins to stir before dawn. For a few hours, a singular group of men goes about specialized tasks. Even the stable pets seem a breed apart from the ordinary. Here is the way it was at Belmont one morning this season

by GILBERT ROGIN

SCENE: BARN 8 AT 6 A.M.



"Come on, baby. Come on, little fat girl."

"Come on, sweetie. Come here before I slap you down."

"Come on. Mind your manners, young lady. Don't get smart. Put that foot down before I get mad and knock the ears off you."

"Come on. Stop being a donkey. Get over. Don't push me up against this thing. I ain't hurting you."

It is 6 in the morning at Barn 8B at Belmont Park, the racetrack situated in Elmont, N.Y. The grooms are in the stalls talking to the horses, shaking out straw. Spot, the old, subdued dog, sleeps on the dark, raked-earth floor. Toes and Calico and the other cats wait on Popeye

continued



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Bowl-Mor

NEWTOWN ROAD, LITTLETON, MASSACHUSETTS

to bring their breakfast of jelly doughnuts and chicken. A rooster crows, far off. Sparrows awake in the dim eaves. There is the fundamental sound of water slowly filling a pail.

"I had a good time way down in Georgia," sings January. Large safety pins that had done up leg bandages are fastened to his trouser leg.

Alston, a slender, amused man of some abandon whom they call January, is a groom. He does not know why he is called January. "They just call you anything when you come on the racetrack," he says. January, who is 43, came on the racetrack in 1934 and has been with the stable since 1946. He makes $350 a month, shipping money and, on occasion, stake money. (When a stable horse wins a stake race, a portion of its earnings is divided among the hands.) January, like other stable grooms, works a 41½-hour week caring for three horses and their stalls. He has four children. "That's why I ain't got no money," he says. "Only things I never had was no money and no car." January is leery of cars. Once, when he was 18, his employer sent him for the papers. He was reading the dope as he drove back. "I was sideswiped," he says, ruefully. "I was scared four or five days. I wasn't doing no betting then either. I was just getting ideas.

"This is a pretty good game," January says. "This one here. Nothing wrong with this job. If you get up out of bed there's nothing to it. Ain't nothing to it if you start on time. Everything all right. I've fooled around. Now this is a little easier job than fooling with polo ponies, which I did. War shot that polo racket around Rumson, N.J." January was born in Warren County, Va. "I don't know the town," he says. "They got counties there." He was raised in Red Bank, N.J. "I worked on all kinds of farms in Jersey to make a little spending money," he says. "I worked in a defense plant. This here job, there's more excitement. It's not deadening.

"Ninety-five percent of the races are won in that stall," January says. "You ain't got no horse, you ain't got no race. My favorite horse was Oligarchy, but I just like horses like a person like a dog or a cat. I had to say Oligarchy because he won the biggest race I ever won. He was the kind of a horse like that he knew your voice and smell. He was an easy horse to work with. He was the color chestnut and didn't sweat. He had no bad habits, and he's a big, old stud, too. Only way to get along with a horse is find out if they mean or just roguish. Otherwise you'll be on your back. That's the little secret. A horse like music, you know. Most generally a horse like a radio. This is a good game, a good game, real good game. A *good* game.

"Tell your ma, and tell your pa . . . ," sings January.

B.B. washes Social Leader's face with a damp rag. "This mare might win off her class," he says. "Off her class. Ain't nothing in there can beat her. Off her class, her class. This ain't walking up and down the street. You got nothing to worry about. All you got to do is get out there and run, Social. She'll win that little old race today."

"It was 73° at 5:30," says Big One, turning bedding.

"It'll be 173° before 7 o'clock," says Popeye. "Big One, you short a rider this morning? You can get on him."

"Ain't got no boots," says Big One, who must weigh 250 pounds. "I'm going to get a job as a bat boy. The New York Mets. A good job."

"How'd the Mets do last night?"

"They lost."

"Morning, Richard. How you this morning?"

"Still getting up."

"Still make it. Richard had to decide between the ring and the racetrack. You heart beating, Richard? Can you see? You legs last 20 minutes? You can still fight."

Richard McKinney is 31 and once had visions of fighting professionally. He wasn't much as an amateur, however. He was born in Aiken, S.C., wears violet socks, has six children and is a hotwalker, the humblest and most poorly paid job on the backstretch. Richard says he makes $50 a week. He works a 21-hour week. He has been a racetracker for some 14 years, in and out. Holding

the horse by a leather strap called a shank, the hot-walker walks him counterclockwise, as at the races, around the walking ring, a dirt oval in the stable area. "There's nothing to it," says Richard, tonelessly.

Richard began walking hots when he was 14. "It looked easy," he says, "and it was something different." Richard says that in the past he has been an exercise boy and a groom. "For the pay," he says, "I'd rather be a groom. Otherwise, this is the best job. A lot of people end up walking. You've seen people come up, do pretty good and eventually wind up where they started."

He would like to get another job, from 4 p.m. to 12 mid. "So far, that's been fruitless," he says. Sometimes he thinks about leaving the racetrack. "You can always come back here," he says. "You learn something you don't forget. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but that don't mean I'll wait around forever. First thing that pops up. This is more or less a standby." Richard has worked outside the gate from time to time. "I'm not skilled," he says. "I'm semiskilled. I did dry cleaning, not fancy but spot cleaning, rough spot, but that job paid $50 a week, too. I'd like to get back into dry cleaning. But if I did I'd have to get in as a porter, and that pays $45 or $48. They want a man with 10 years' experience dry cleaning. Last year I worked in a bakery shop. I wouldn't mind being a baker, but I don't have time to go to school. That blew up, too. I wasn't lucky enough to hang on to it. Like I said, you have to be skilled in order to make it. You don't, you're out. A little man has a small chance.

"A man can't really say the world has done him an injustice," Richard says. "A man is what he makes it. I've gotten a few raw deals but I don't think the world owes me anything. A small chance, I'll make it. I once tested stereophonic sound. Test and finish for $50 straight time. If there was something wrong I had the same map as the troubleshooter who got $90.

"Well, I got the rest of the day to get something else, you know what I mean. One of the advantages the racing game has is the chance to do something else.

continued

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You get around. Do you know a good job a man can latch on to?"

It is 6:30 a.m. Frank Radigan, the assistant trainer, goes down the row of stalls in his tweed cap, looking in at the quiet, mute horses, large, dusky, inviolable eyes they have. Some of the stalls are eerily lit by heat bulbs, like a Doré engraving. Elliott Burch, the young trainer, high pants, container of coffee in his hand, rushes through to his office in a white house in the compound between Barns 8A and 8B. ZuZu, a black cocker fat with age and indulgence, follows him wistfully, gives up. The exercise boys drift in, pick up their helmets, gather at the bulletin board to find out who they are riding in the first set. There are about 25 horses in the barn divided into three sets, or groups, of eight horses each, some to be breezed, others galloped, others jogged, others walked.

Carmine Donofrio is an exercise boy. He is 22, has long, appealing lashes, is married, has a daughter and a son. Carmine makes $400 a month plus stakes, shipping money, hospitalization, etc. Much of his pay goes for acting lessons. "They're very expensive," he says in the new voice he is cultivating. Carmine was born in Brooklyn. His father had a butcher shop near the old Aqueduct racetrack, and Carmine began walking hots there when he was 13. "I was always fascinated by horses," he says. "I guess maybe because I was always so small. At 15 I started galloping in New England. At 16 I started riding. When I had a year to go at Boys' High, I wanted to go to Florida with the horses. There was a big beef at home. My gym teacher figured I was better off to go and get it out of my system. I should have finished school.

"I wasn't a bad rider but I had trouble—a weight problem. I was getting sick over it. I got a bleeding ulcer from it. I used to take 50 Epsotabs a night. You're supposed to take one or two. That's a laxative. I'd eat, then throw it up. That tears you up. Then I'd get out in the afternoon and try to hold 1,200 pounds. I'd be so weak when I got on a horse, when I got to the eighth pole it kind of caught up to you. I had two spills in Maine.

"To me, it's not an accomplishment. I'm not fulfilling anything. It's the best job on the racetrack and I enjoy horses very much, but it's like someone going to a factory from 9 to 5. Gallop my three horses, walk them, go home, same thing.

"I haven't got much education. I want to be an actor. I took acting lessons for one and a half months before I told anyone about it. I wanted to be sure in my mind. I feel I can accomplish something through acting. I enjoy myself doing it. I can help other people enjoy themselves. It's doing something where you can be someone else. You can create. I'm not tied down. It's an outlet. It gives you

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something. My teacher is clearing my speech up. I'm taking color. That's like: '*mad* revolution.' Make the mad sound mad, or gay sound gay. I take rhythm, the pattern of speaking. I work on my emotions: fear, anger, hatred, the basic emotions. I love the stage. I'd love to go on Broadway. I have a new name for Broadway: Kip Sloan. As I got older I finally got riding out of my system, but there's a certain thrill about it that you never get enough of.

"Racetrackers are the sleepiest people in the world, always taking a nap somewhere. Don't let anyone tell you it's lovely to see the dawn."

The grooms give the boys a leg up on the horses, the old, easy ritual, and lead them out of the shadows of the barn to the walking ring. The boys stand up, test the stirrups, tighten the cinch, secure the whip under a stirrup, perched high, small, absentminded and irreverent as sparrows on the shining horses.

"Turn him loose, fat man," a boy with a pinched, sallow face whom they call The One and Only Little Wizard tells Big One.

The boys casually parade their horses about the walking ring, reining up as they approach Burch and Frank. Burch bends down, coffee container in one hand, the other feeling the horses' front legs for heat or filling, and, in a rapid, abrupt monotone, gives the boy his instructions. "Some of them you have to draw a picture for," he says, wryly. "The general run of boys overeat, overlive, overeverything," says Frank. "Prosperity kills them or their background kills them or weight kills them. They grow up. Some of them were riders, but that herd—you get fainthearted. It takes courage."

The boys guide the horses out of the barn on the way to the racetrack. The sun transforms the coat of a horse the grooms call The Big Red Fox into a field of fire, like many coals. They go down the road in the dapple of pin oaks and maples. Pale green maple wings litter the pavement. A sign reads: Slow. Please Consider The Horses. "Tally ho, Big One," says The One and Only Little Wizard, the last to leave the barn, saluting with his whip.

continued



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED DEPT. 3560
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Old John counts linen in the tack room. Old John, who wears gold-rimmed glasses, is the foreman of the stable. "John Calhoun," he says. "John H. H stands for Henry. John Henry Calhoun. I came to the races in 1919 when Man o' War was a 2-year-old. I worked for Mr. Jimmy Rowe of Brookdale Farm until 1924, Mr. Max Hirsch in 1925 and 1926, grooming horses and rubbing. Mr. George Odom, I worked for him in 1929. I came to work for these people in 1930 and got the foreman in 1945. I rubbed Sarazen for Mr. Hirsch in 1925. He won the Gadsden D. Bryan in the fall of the year. He won the Dixie twice. One mile and 3/16th. I rubbed Broomspun in 1921. He won the Preakness. Later on he broke a leg and had to be destroyed. I rubbed Upset. Not when he beat Man o' War but when he was a 4-year-old.

"When I was small I worked with polo ponies and hunters where I was raised and born in Aiken, S.C. 62, no 61, years ago. I was raised up on a farm where they had mules and horses, animals, things like that. Just took it up and liked it, you know. I like to be around animals. They need someone that's not going to abuse them, fight them. I like the job. I like the people. Yes sir, this is a great game. More you around horses, more you like them. I'm up in the age and ready to quit it. Makes you kind of tired. I'll go to a farm and get a job on a farm with horses. You don't have to move around then. When you're young you can move around good. It's like a circus. Put up your bed before you go to bed."

The trainer's stand, an elevated shed, is located at the end of the stretch. Burch and Frank climb up to it. The ornamental fountains in the infield spurt blowsily, the rails shine with dew, blackbirds call sharply and fly across the track, their shadows preceding them, seeming swifter, on the harrowed loam. Horses are galloped by—harsh, stentorian breathing like a faulty, laboring engine—boys standing in the stirrups, pulling hard on the reins in the attitude of water skiers. The stable horses walk onto the track, boys humming, talking

continued



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to each other, high voices drifting as palpably as smoke in the still air. It is a hot, silent, harmonious morning and the clubhouse is as grand, empty and reposeful as a Roman ruin. The stable horses turn and jog by, the boys, hunched, restraining them.

Max Hirsch, 82, the celebrated trainer, sits in his chair in the sun, fondling a worn rabbit's foot, abused by time and his fingers.

"Morning, Mr. Hirsch."

"Morning, Mr. Hirsch. You did all right yesterday."

Frank and Burch go over to the clubhouse and stand by the rail. On a terrace above them the clockers sit like conspirators. A stable horse starts his breeze at the half-mile pole. Burch and Frank start their watches.

"Thirteen and three."

"Thirteen and three."

"Twenty-six and two."

"Twenty-six and two."

"Fifty-two. She dogged it from the eighth pole."

"Fifty-two and some change," says Frank.

"What's that dark bay filly called, Elliott?" a clocker calls from the terrace.

Burch looks disdainfully up at him. "Only two clockers are worth a damn," he says. "Sea Nurse," he shouts back.

"Wise Nurse?"

"*Sea* Nurse. Fifty-two."

They go over to where the horses, stained and blotched with sweat, are leaving the track.

"Fifty-two," Burch mutters. "She was supposed to go 48. It isn't always this way. It's never the horse that bothers you. It's the human element. It's the same in the afternoon." The Little Wizard rides up. "How he go?"

"O.K."

Burch winces. "No faster?"

"Uh, uh."

"Better shoot him," Burch says. "I'm not usually this jocular," he explains. "How'd she act, Carmine?"

"All right."

"Norman, you missed it a little." Burch looks about him. "Hosses, hosses, everywhere hosses. Morning, sir, how are you? That's fine. Everyone's friendly here—on the surface."

Norman Kerr is an exercise boy. He is 36, quiet, mannerly, has a fine carriage and wavy, dark hair. "I can remember," he says, "when I was a wee little kid grandfather put me on horseback and walked me around the barn. I was born in Winnipeg, Canada and my grandparents owned racehorses. My father was killed when I was 3. He was a salesman. I couldn't wait to get out of school to get to the racetrack. I was 15 when I quit school and started walking horses for my grandparents. At 16 I started galloping. At 17 I started riding—all the tracks in Canada. I quit riding in 1950. I was too big. I trained horses in New England for a year, but the man I worked for went out of business. I galloped horses for a few more years and then I went back to riding at Scarborough. I weighed 125. It wasn't hard losing the weight. I had a friend. It's not hard when you got someone with you on diet, hit the road together. I rode horses in Jersey last year, but I didn't do too good. I don't know what I'm going to do. I may go riding again around the fairs. It's all I know. It's a lot better when you're riding.

"It's hard to get started in anything else. You'd have to go to school to become a doctor or lawyer or something. I don't have brains for that kind of work. I guess this is the best kind of work for me. It wouldn't be too hard to lose the weight. I'd just quit eating." He laughs. "I'm not married. I never been in one place long enough. I live right in this house right here. I just sit around most of the day."

While the horses are out the grooms muck out their stalls, tote the old bedding off in muck sacks (great squares of burlap), fork new bedding in and toss and shake it out, hang up fresh, sweet feed, fill pails with water and set them along the walking ring. Then they sit out in the sun on broken chairs, bumming cigarettes and telling lies. Robins sing like fast, cold water in the secrecy of the trees. The hot-walkers go around, a melancholy carousel. In the comfort of the barn, cool as a root cellar, grooms rake bits of straw off the earth in front of the stalls, sweep the boards. Popeye

continue



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SHULTON

trudges down the row, followed by cats.

"Come on, putty," he says. "You want your breakfast? How come you don't eat no more? You ought to stay home nights instead of running around so much. You don't want no doughnuts no more. You wants meat, you big, sleepy-eyed devil."

"How'd the Mets do?"

"They lost."

"Come on, cats. It's time for breakfast. Kit, kit, kit. What's the matter, girl, you in foal?"

"Where's the Ale Man?"

"Who is the Ale Man? It's Kingfish," says Popeye. "Next time you see that Ale Man commercial on TV you just watch him with that rub rag. Watch his left hand with that rag."

"Who is the Ale Man? Kingfish! See that last night on TV? Old Kingfish comes strolling through with a great big muck sack."

Evans Gantt is the serene, dignified man they call Kingfish. He is a groom. "How I started in this racket?" he says. "First with polo ponies in Aiken, S.C. Then I started working with hunters, hackneys, trotters. Then I quit. Went to the Army. Out of the Army, started to work here in 1945, 6th of October. Never will forget that. Why? Just a memory.

"Thought I was going to walk around awhile when I got out of the Army, but it don't feel right looking at other people working. When I was in the Army I learned a nice trade as a rigger but I never went back to it. I love horses. This here puts you in mind of the Army. I'm never lonesome. Always can get a dollar. Outside the gate you couldn't get a quarter. It's the way you carry yourself. Would I like more money? Hell, yes. Lord, have mercy.

"I was born in 1906, 6th of August, Aiken, S.C. That makes me a young boy. I was a country boy. I came to town. Things got so hard on the farm, I quit. Went to Florida in 1923. Worked on the highway awhile, tore down buildings. Started raining so much I came back to Aiken. Then I started to travel. Came to Philly. Was in a garage there five or six years. Worked at night so long I got tired. Quit that. Went to Atlantic City working in hotels. Quit that. Came back to Carolina. Went back in 1930. By God, the bottom fall out! Worked a few cars, private homes. Went back to Carolina and started working for horses. Personally, I didn't like it right away. Man in the Army told me the way to catch on is to stand around and look. Stood there and looked for a while and couldn't stand still.

"I can get up anytime. Get up anytime. People interested in work can get up. Going Away, Bold, I rubbed them. I ran Bowl of Flowers in the Gardenia. She won that. I rubbed a lot of winners."

Cats wrestle in the high weeds. Spot stretches, turns around and returns to sleep. "Old man time . . . ," sings an old hot-walker in a billed cap, like a fisherman's. "De . . do . . de do. do."

"I told him yesterday the old gray horse wouldn't be on the boards."

"What you talk about? Won from here to Maine Chance barn, man."

"I was the biggest fool in the world yesterday. As they say, the day you lay off, they pay off."

"Not yesterday. You the biggest fool always."

"He run so fast the grass see him coming and jump out of the way and come down in time for the next horse. He wasn't mowing no grass. And the name of that horse was Round Table."

"How'd the Mets do?"

"They lost."

"He run under blue and yellow colors."

"Put your bean down." A dollar bill is flung to the ground. "He run under blue and white colors."

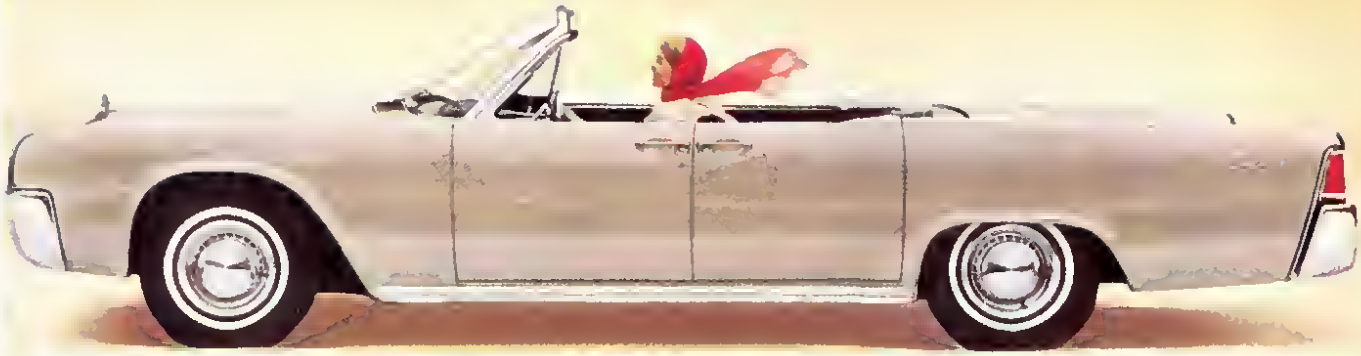
"He didn't run under no blue and white colors. Blue and *yellow* colors. I know. I looked for him to bet on and I didn't see no blue and white colors."

"There's my bean. Put your bean down."

"Shut up, Calico. You're not a damn bit hungry."

Calico walks off and goes into Matelot's stall. Matelot puts his head down and slowly licks Calico with his great tongue. They rub unequal noses, pink and somber blue. The boys come back and dismount in the galloping shed. Since it is a hot day, the grooms wash the horses in the shed, backs steaming under

continued



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the sponge in the gray light. They dip their tails in the bucket and wring them out. Scrape them, rub them and throw a sheet over them.

"Look here," says The Little Wizard. "This horse let me do anything to him. I'm holding him by the ear. Some groom probably hit him and he scared of everything."

The boys lead the horses out of the shed and walk them about the ring, every so often lifting a bucket of water so they can drink and cool out gradually inside. After a bit the boys turn their sheets back, like turning down a bed.

"Street Fighting's a fretful horse," says Mike. "You can feel it." He holds a hand to his flank. "Everything he does. He gallops fast, he eats fast."

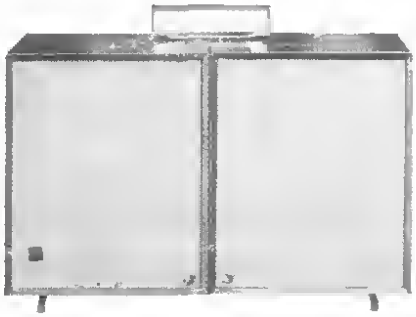
Several years ago when he was a bug boy, or apprentice, with three *s, or kisses (denoting a 10-pound weight allowance), beside his name, Michael Kay, a well-spoken, pleasant and dapper young man who weighed 93 pounds, was considered an extremely promising jockey. Today, at 25 and 103 pounds, married with two children, Michael Kay is an exercise boy. He hopes someday to go back to the races.

Michael was born in Hershey, Pa. His father, who had a Ph.D. in aeronautical engineering, worked with Einstein for 17 years, according to Michael. He died when Michael was 7. Michael went to an orphan school in Hershey which had a 350-acre farm. It was there that he became acquainted with horses. "It's hard to say why you like a horse," he says. "They look nice." Michael attended St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia for two years, studying biological chemistry. "I got a job, too," he says, "for a guy who had a few old horses—jumpers. I galloped them, mucked them out. Once in a while he let me show one. Then I went to work in a dental lab. This is ironic. A fellow came in one day, a dentist. 'Hey,' he said, 'how'd you like to be a jock?' 'That sounds pretty good,' I said. 'I'll bring you a contract tomorrow,' he said. I got to thinking and a friend of mine introduced me to Preston Burch [Elliott's father, the manager of the farm] and I went with him instead.

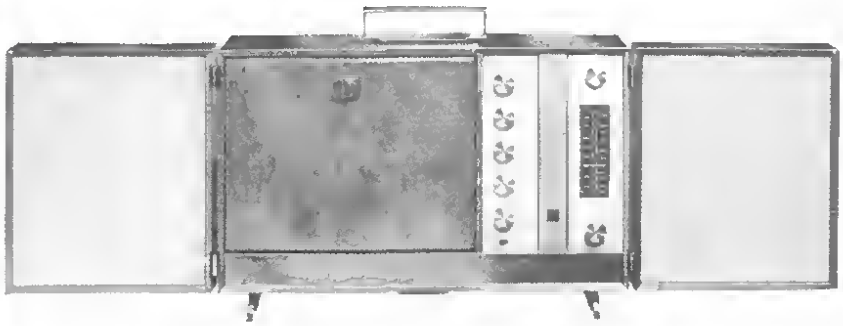
"I went to the farm in Virginia to

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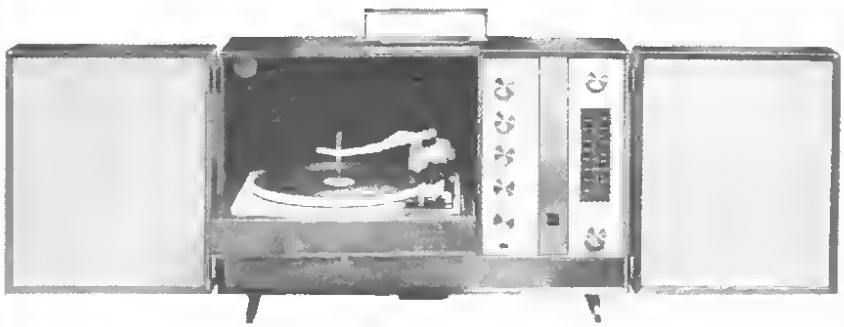
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BARN 8 *continued*

learn how to ride racehorses. My first race was on Sword Dancer in 1958 and later on I broke my maiden on Sword Dancer, too. I was up at the races! I was the second leading rider at Belmont and Jamaica. I rode at Aqueduct, Hialeah, Tropical, Bowie, Laurel. I was doing quite well until . . . just an unfortunate situation. One year at Jamaica I broke my collarbone. The horse broke his bridle and as he fell I fell.

"I like this so much," says Michael. "This is my vacation. It's good to get up at 5:30 in the morning, see the sun come up over the hill. It's romantic. It's a good life. It's a liberal life. I love Belmont, the trees here, the big turns. There's a lot of room and good lighting. Take this, for instance: a tree!

"Today when I go to the races, sometimes it's like being on a bench in a ball game. My mother remarried a guy, they came out one day. I was so tickled. I won three races. Being a rider is a demanding sport. It's not like being a cop taking a ride. Riding from the quarter pole to the wire is equivalent to a man working from 9 to 5. I mean, really sitting down and getting into them. You like horses as a group but you have to like them more when they win."

It is 10:30 a.m. The horses in the third set have been rubbed and taken back to their stalls. The boys have washed their tack and hung it up to dry. A groom sits in the shade, slicing carrots into a pail.

"This is the only thing left in the world where you can become famous overnight," Frank says. "All you need is one good horse and you never know when you're going to get one."

"I had 10 broodmares to muck out," says Ray Swope, an exercise boy. "Foreman! Sure, I was the foreman. I was the only man: boss and foreman and a pair of boots for $30 a week. The promises! Your gyps around there get you to gallop 10, 11 horses, promise you the world."

"It's like everything else," Frank says. "Times go fast, things move faster, methods change. It's all for the good. It's so much better a life than it used to be."

"Racetracking is different now, somehow," says Donald Mercer, another exercise boy. "More like a business. When I used to get up in the morning it was, you

continued



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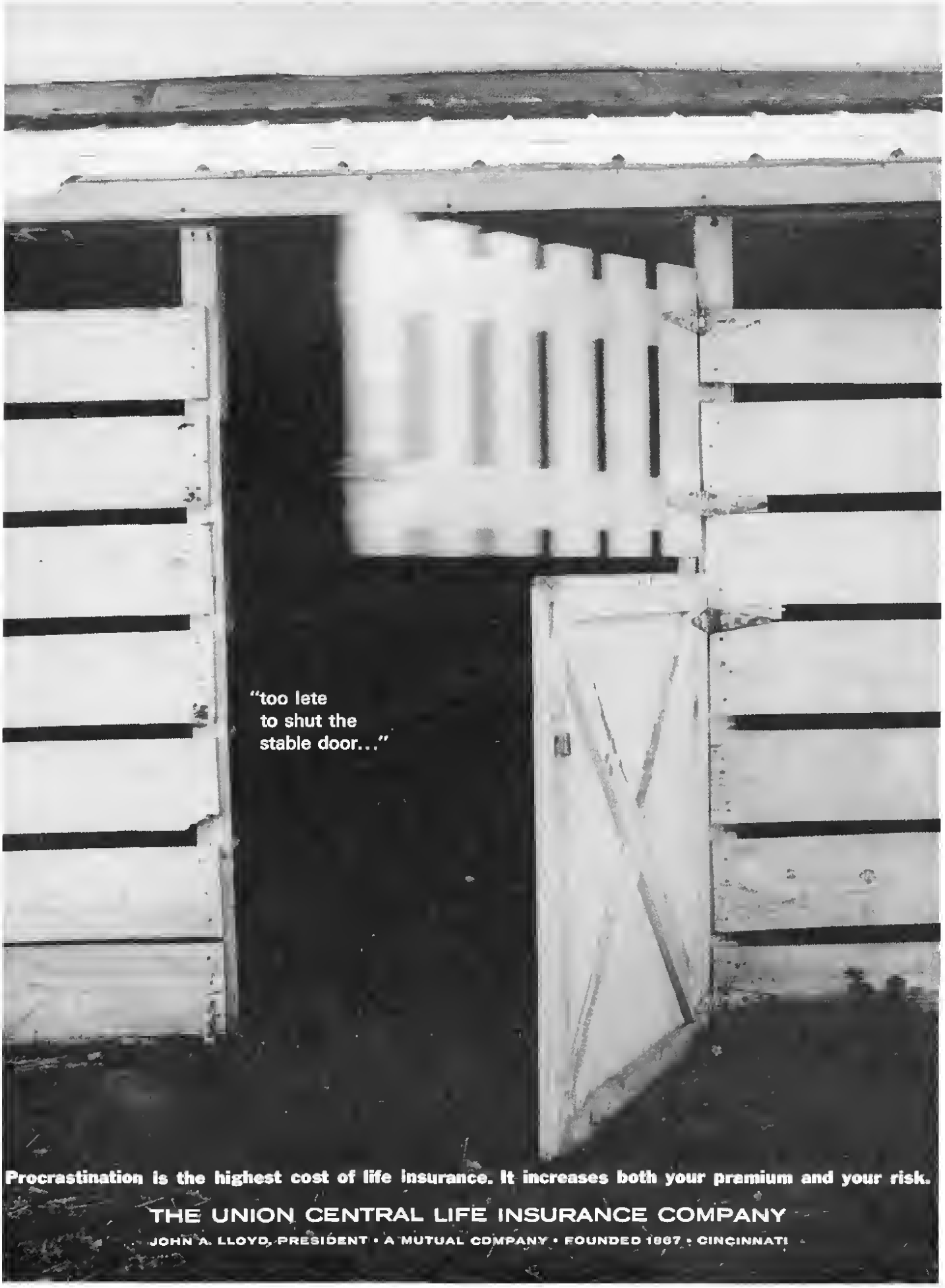
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know, kind of a good feeling. No more."

"My brother rides races," The Little Wizard says. "He brought me around. I was more of a carefree, didn't even give a damn. I worked horses from wire to wire but I never got to the wire. I broke my back. A horse fell on me. I was a week away from riding horses for Mr. ———."

"Who's ———?" Frank asks. "Where does he tend bar?"

"I'll say one thing." The Little Wizard says. "I wouldn't give the racetrack up. I worked in a factory once. They put a chisel in this hand and a hammer in this one. I swung but I kept missing. No education. That's my biggest fault. That's the reason most of us come back, lack of education."

"Know how many years Max Hirsch had?" Swope asks. "He was taken out of school at 4 years old and he knows every bone and nerve in the horse's body. There's very few horsemen at the track today. Your definition of a horseman is a man that can take a horse that's a cripple and make money with him. Anybody in this racket's got to be discouraged that's not on the top. I feel I can train horses but I'll never get the opportunity. I don't know anyone that's got money."

"There's only one important factor on this track," The Little Wizard says belligerently. "The exercise boy."

I was always too big," says Swope. "And I was born to it. I was born in Lexington, Ky. I was born right next to a racehorse. I used to sneak in the paddock and ride the yearlings using only a halter. A green yearling threw me as far as that walking ring."

"I got a dynamite story," says The Little Wizard. "I used to thumb 50 miles to get to the track."

"I quit and went to mechanic school," says Swope. "Bought a place but got in with the wrong people. The business failed. I'm too honest."

"Who made Bowl of Flowers? She made herself. The horse's got it, he's got it. He ain't got it, he ain't got it."

"One thing about a racetrack. If you feel you're being loused up, you can walk off. Only thing is that you can't better yourself. We're way underpaid for the chances we take, the skill, the work."

"Ah, you're a dedicated racetracker."

"I dig the horses, I dig the work. They'll never catch me outside that gate again."

"I ran the most honest, legitimate business as a mechanic. What do I do? They ruin me."

"We racetrackers always want to go home and punch the old lady in the mouth."

"You hear more gripes around a racetrack but it's the greatest sport run outdoors."

"Nobody ever gets the truth about the racetrack," The Little Wizard says. "What do you see in the movies? Mickey Rooney!"

They leave as they came, one by one. "I'm going to the beach and sit on the rocks and read poetry," says Carmine. "I had quite an audience yesterday."

Donald Mercer is going to his job at the butcher shop where he works from 12 m. to 7 p.m. "I bone and trim meat," he says. "I'm not real crazy about it but everywhere I go I try to get another job. In Florida I work as a valet parking cars. I get 17, 18 bucks a night on the weekends. Racetracking is a funny business. I've known a lot of boys been on the racetrack 10, 15 years. They go away but something always bring them back."

"Did I ever tell you about the first horse I bought, Donald?" Frank asks. "The man said, 'Now, this horse don't look too good.' I couldn't see anything wrong with him so I bid $37 and bought him. I took him home and found out he was blind so I took him back. 'I told you that horse don't look too good,' the man told me."

"Come on, girl, where you going? Hold it, little girl. Hold still before I get mad. Where you going? Brooklyn? You stop that!"

"Come on, you may look funny but you're not funny. So stop looking. You're just a bad actor. Now stop it!"

"I had a good time way down in Georgia. . . ."

"What'd the Mets do?"

"They lost."

It is 11 a.m. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—THE WORLD SERIES found Giants losing three to Yankees, Yankees losing two to Giants and both teams losing to the weather. The fifth game was postponed one day in New York, and then the sixth was washed out three days in a row in San Francisco before the Giants won to tie it up at 3-3 (*see page 28*)

BOXING—MASAHIKO HARADA, 19-year-old baby-faced boxer whose *nom de guerre* is "Fighting Harada," assailed a surprised Pone Kingpetch, of Thailand, the defending world flyweight champion, and took the title with an 11th-round knockout before 10,000 exulting Tokyo spectators. Ranked only second in Japan, Harada became the first Japanese to hold a world title in eight years.

CHESS—A Soviet team, as anticipated, won the Chess Olympics at Varna, Bulgaria over opponents from 37 countries. With World Champion Mikhail Botvinnik at first board, the Russians finished with a score of 31½-12½, followed by Yugoslavia (28-16), Argentina (26-18) and the U.S. (25-19). Bobby Fischer, playing first board for the U.S. team (Larry Evans, Pal Benko, Robert Byrne, Donald Byrne, Edmar Mednis), drew his game with Botvinnik.

FIELD HOCKEY—BERMUDA'S NATIONAL MEN'S TEAM outscored the U.S.'s colorful Privateers by two goals in a close three-game series to win the Connecticut Cup in Rye, N.Y. It was the first Bermuda victory in five years of shin-smacking.

FOOTBALL—NFL: WASHINGTON Coach Bill McPeak said in St. Louis after the game, "We blew a 14-3 lead by giving the ball to St. Louis too much." Whatever it was, it was almost the Cardinals' ball game when in the last quarter Charley Johnson's fine quarterbacking brought St. Louis two touchdowns and a three-point lead. But with 13 seconds left, Bob Khayat kicked a 29-yard field goal and the Redskins stayed on top of the Eastern Division with a 17-17 tie. Not so fortunate were the New York Giants, who went under to Pittsburgh by three points, 20-17, before a disappointed 62,808 in Yankee Stadium and lost ground-gaining End Del Shofner for two weeks with a shoulder injury as well. Steeler Quarterback Bobby Layne slipped through the line to score one touchdown from a yard out after Fullback John Henry Johnson ran the ball 40 yards. Later Layne passed to Johnson for another tally. Baltimore piled up 23 points before Cleveland managed to get a first down. The Colts, with Johnny Unitas on target for 18 of 31 attempts and 225 yards, won 36-14, holding the Browns' rushing attack to a piddling 20 yards. Although the winless Vikings piled up the highest point score of the year—21—against the unbeaten NFL champions, they stayed winless. The Packers were brilliantly commanded by Quarterback Bart Starr, with 21 completions in 29 attempts for 296 yards and three TDs, as they won 48-21. But they lost scoring leader Paul Hornung in the first half. He went out with a twisted knee. Detroit used Milt Plum on three scoring plays, one pass and two field goals, as the Lions beat Los Angeles 13-10 in Detroit to stay just behind Leader Green Bay in the Western Division standings. In Chicago the Bears and San Francisco seesawed into a 27-27 deadlock in the fourth quarter before John Brodie broke it up with an 80-yard pass for a 34-27 49er victory. Dallas' Amos Marsh ran a kickoff back 101 yards, and another Oregon lad, Mike Gaechter, added a spectacular 100-yard touchdown run as the Cowboys downed the Eagles 41-19 in Dallas.

AFL: HOUSTON set a league scoring record in defeating the New York Titans, 56-17, in Houston. George Blanda's six touchdown passes fell one short of the record he set last year, also against the luckless Titans. Dallas unsettled the Patriots in Boston by splitting their hitherto tight ends, and then upset them 27-7 to push Boston down to second place behind Houston in the Eastern standings. Denver is first in the West, just ahead of Dallas. The Broncos stayed up there by trouncing Oakland 23-6 before 7,000 in Oakland. Surprising Buffalo gave Coach Lou Saban a fine birthday present and cheered 20,000 home fans with its first win in six games, a convincing 35-10 one over mediocre San Diego.

GOLF—U.S. TEAM of Deane Beman, Dick Sikes, Labron Harris and Billy Joe Patton won the world amateur team championship, the Eisenhower cup, beating 22 other countries on a tight, frustrating and beautifully manicured course in Kawana, Japan (*see page 24*). It was no rout for the Americans. Behind by six strokes to Canada after two days of play, the U.S. finally clinched the victory when Beman tied the course record of 66 on the last round. The U.S. totaled an 854, eight strokes ahead of Canada.

BILLY CASPER, jolly, chubby Apple Valley, Calif. pro, collected his fourth major tournament victory of the year by winning the $40,000 Bakersfield (Calif.) Open. He finished with a 272, four less than curly-headed Tony Lema, who had started the final round tied with Casper.

KATHY WHITWORTH, 23, lofty Jal, N. Mex. player, upset Mickey Wright in the $11,000 Phoenix Thunderbird Open, coming from four strokes behind to win. A familiar second-place finisher—eight times this season—Miss Whitworth dropped two birdie putts on the last nine to finish the 54-hole match with a 213, four strokes ahead.

HARNESS RACING—SU MAC LAD ($3.20), held under light rein by Driver Stanley Dancer, brushed off unsuccessful charges by Duke Rodney and Porterhouse and led every bit of the way to take the $45,000 Gotham Trot in Yonkers. With this win the 8-year-old gelding, owned by Irvin W. Berkemeyer, crept $22,500 closer to the record earnings of Bye Bye Byrd. Su Mac Lad now needs a mere $8,908 to equal the $554,257 high.

MATASTAR trotted the second fastest mile in history, barely missing the world time of 1:55¼ set by Greyhound in 1938. The 4-year-old finished in 1:55⅘ at a special time trial in Lexington, Ky.

HOCKEY—TORONTO opened the National Hockey League season where it left off last spring, beating the Black Hawks 3-1 in Chicago. In a rough game marked by 14 penalties, George Armstrong scored twice for the Maple Leafs, Bobby Baun once. Playing on the Toronto side was Left Wing Frank Mahovlich, for whom the Leafs refused a $1 million cash offer by Hawk Owner James D. Norris last week. The next game for Toronto was with Boston, but they were held to a 2-2 tie by the revitalized Bruins, who had opened at home with a memorable 5-0 win over Montreal. Hero of both games was Boston's 31-year-old, wide-as-the-goal rookie goalie, Bobby Perreault. Up from minor league Hershey, Pa., Goalie Perreault (5 feet 7 and 184 pounds) made a remarkable total of 70 saves for both games. Rookie Right Wing Rod Gilbert brightened the New York Ranger line with his adept passing, but the Rangers still lost two in a row, the opener with Detroit 2-1 and to Montreal 6-3, then upset Toronto 5-3. After their opening win, Detroit nervously scrambled to a scoreless tie with Chicago, which went on to play a 2-2 deadlock with Boston. The Wings beat Montreal 3-1 at home to take the NHL lead at the close of the first week's play.

HORSE RACING—NEVER BEND ($2.90) easily won New York's richest race, the $189,675 Champagne Stakes at Belmont. Running a mile for the first time, the Cain Hoy favorite performed effortlessly under Manuel Ycaza, leaving six other 2-year-olds struggling eight lengths behind him for the runner-up position.

MOTOR SPORTS—ROGER PENSKE, 25-year-old Philadelphia sales engineer who designed his own sports car, a Zerex Special with a 2.7-liter Climax engine, beat an impressive international field at Riverside, Calif. Speeding smoothly through the 200-mile Grand Prix, Penske hit the long, fast straightaways at an average of 95.6 mph, while a gasping crowd of 76,400 watched. Wealthy Texas Oilman Jim Hall came in second in his Chapparal and Masten Gregory third in a Lotus 19 Climax. Graham Hill, the world's leading racing driver on points, dropped out with brake trouble. But the race was marred by a serious accident when Pat Pigott, 37, of Bellingham, Wash., spun out and was fatally injured. Earlier Indianapolis "500" winner Roger Ward was hospitalized with a spinal injury after he went off the course in a practice run.

TRACK & FIELD—RON MORRIS, 27, Los Angeles College physical education teacher, cleared a lowly 15 feet 9 inches in the pole vault competition during the Japanese national meet in Omiya, but it was good enough to beat the world record holder, Finland's Pentti Nikula (16-2½), who failed to top Morris in three tries.

MILEPORTS—REDESIGNED NORANGO, the late Norman B. Woolworth's 153-foot steel luxury yacht built in 1959 for an estimated $1 million along lines that resembled a North Sea fishing trawler—but with air conditioning and wall-to wall carpeting—into the not-so-posh *Sea Search*, an oceanographic research vessel based in Florida.

DIED. EMMET T. (RED) ORMSBY, 67, retired baseball umpire whose 19 years as a major league official had their occasional peppery moments, including one policer escue from the field that provoked the officers to publicly declare that it was their duty to assist the blind, following a heart attack, in Chicago.

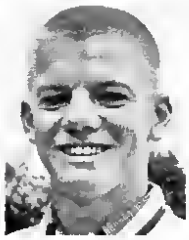
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FACES IN THE CROWD



JOHNNY WHITE, 29, of Warren, Mich., who races a 283-cubic-inch Offenhauser on the Midwest's International Motor Contest Association circuit, roared to a big win in the last race of the season, enabling him to just beat three-time champion Pete Folse to the IMCA title.



RON HOHMAN, 21, biology student at Michigan State University, didn't so much as get his feet wet as he and partner Ralph Sawyer, 25, steered through a tumbling 240-mile course to win Michigan's Ausable River Valley race, their seventh canoe victory this year.



PHYLLIS SEMPLE of Sewickley, Pa., on vacation with her husband in Hot Springs, Va., won the Homestead ladies' invitational golf tournament. Her husband, Harton, won the men's title and then they teamed to take the Wilcuma Cup for a Semple family sweep.



GEORGE BORK, Northern Illinois University quarterback with a .712 record for pass completions (126 for 177), set both NCAA and NAIA single-game records by hitting 37 of 47 attempts for 345 yards as he engineered the defeat of unbeaten Omaha University, 13-7.



DONALD MACKENZIE, who races an International out of Larchmont, N.Y., captained a team against Bermuda in the Amorita Cup races. Accounting for one win himself, he helped the U.S. total 45¼ points to Bermuda's 40 and take the trophy for the 10th time.



JOHN SCOTT JR. of Whittier, Calif., whose world record catch of a 322-pound black sea bass was broken in June when Dr. J. Gordon Bateman boated a 337-pounder, went resolutely to work to regain his title. Three months later he did, with a 388-pounder.

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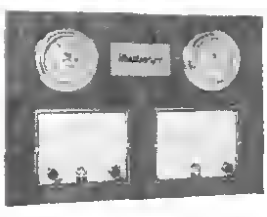
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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

BEAR BRADSHAW

Sirs:

In the interest of fair play and good sportsmanship I would like to thank you for publishing the article exposing the chain-gang tactics of those two mule drivers masquerading as college football coaches, namely Bear Bryant of Alabama and Charlie Bradshaw of Kentucky (*The New Rage to Win*, Oct. 8).

How a sport that produced men such as Walter Camp, Amos Alonzo Stagg and Knute Rockne can stomach such as these will always remain a mystery to me.

HERBERT R. DODD

Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

I thought the reasons for playing football were mainly enjoyment and the building of one's character. At Kentucky I guess this concept is old-fashioned. It seems to me Coach Bradshaw's emphasis is being placed first on the killing and destruction of the opposing team and second on developing a player half human and half animal.

Football is a way of life and should be tough—but not sadistic.

TOM BEER

Detroit

Sirs:

Here are some local reactions to your article from one of those who quit the squad. One who didn't said the coaches told the boys they liked it and thought it was good for everyone to know, especially the prospects—"It'll let them know what they are in for." Bradshaw told the squad that the nationwide publicity was good, but this team didn't deserve it. Another man close to the team said that Bradshaw told him he wasn't going to let up on the boys now.

The students generally felt no degradation in the article. They said it was "just the plain truth about what was going on."

A local resident said the article gave some people something to jump on Charlie Bradshaw for, if they want to, but no letters were run in the paper pertaining to anything said in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and after the Auburn game *you heard no more about it*.

Things haven't changed much here since it came out. Bradshaw hasn't changed his style of play. The boys give a good effort but that's it. On October 1 Bradshaw criticized the team for not wanting to win. "Ken Boeard is the only back to show any bounce. It's not so much that we're few in numbers as in people who want to win."

Things aren't getting any better but, from the boys' point of view, things can't get much worse.

NAME WITHHELD

Lexington, Ky.

Sirs:

What your story failed to mention was that of 44 freshmen gridders—who went through identical training this fall along with the varsity—only two found the going too tough. Of the men Bradshaw recruited, only one has quit. The freshmen, many of them away from home for the first time, figured to have a harder time adjusting than the varsity players. But it appears that the freshmen *want* to play football, while some of the varsity men were going along just for a free education.

Bradshaw plays no favorites. The stars, like Tom Hutchinson and Jerry Woolum, have to work as hard as the third-stringers.

ED ASHFORD

Lexington, Ky.

Sirs:

The ultimate absurdity in the American way of life will come when, inevitably, one of Charlie Bradshaw's trained killers joins the Peace Corps.

One almost hopes, for these boys' sake, that war really is inevitable. The "Christian virtues" being instilled by Coaches Bradshaw, Bear Bryant, *et al.* will prepare them nicely for the biggest football game of all, —World War III—and for survival in what's left of the world afterward.

EDGAR F. KIEFER

Honolulu

HARD-NOSED EGGHEADS

Sirs:

In this day of conformity never did I expect that a university chancellor would have the temerity to violate the established union line by suggesting there is something good in college football. But Pittsburgh's Dr. Edward H. Litchfield, the iconoclast, wrote most interestingly that, as old grads, by and large the former footballers of those great Pitt teams have distinguished themselves beyond the average graduate (*Saturday's Hero Is Doing Fine*, Oct. 8).

That old saw "the search for truth" may be the common denominator of college presidents' speeches, but it took the inquiring mind of Chancellor Litchfield to give recognition to a fact many have stated in a less conclusive way. Perhaps the chancellor himself was surprised to learn that the sweat and

toil of Old Forbes Field is compatible with decent academic standards as well as future promise.

Few know better than I that this is a story long overdue. My coaching associates through the years included old Pitt greats, whom the chancellor saluted—Andy Gustafson, Joe Donchess, Eddie Hirshberg and Ave Daniell.

This all leads to the thought that Army meets Pitt in the Yankee Stadium in November. It will be a splendid laboratory demonstration of high IQs and hard-nosed football.

And a cheer for Pittsburgh's Dr. Litchfield, a strong outback runner against the conformists.

EARL H. BLAIK

New York City

● Red Blaik, a third-string All-America in 1919 and winner of the West Point saber as the outstanding athlete of the Class of 1920, spent 25 years coaching football, 18 of them for Army.—ED.

Sirs:

Dr. Litchfield's comments concerning the future success of student managers is significant to me because the student manager of the 1949 West Point football team was Frank Borman, one of America's nine new astronauts.

BRUCE ELMBLAD

Cincinnati

THE LITTLE FIGHT

Sirs:

Regarding your article *The Facts About the Big Fight* (Oct. 8), I think Gilbert Rogin has finally pinned down the answer to the "suffering, bewildered and confused" ex-champion, Floyd Patterson. Patterson was indeed that—bewildered and confused. No one questions that Patterson was ready physically, but by admitting before the fight that he could not be "vicious," as he was for the second Johansson fight, Patterson was admitting, though I am sure he did not feel so, that he was going to lose.

RICHARD HOOPER

Wayne, Pa.

Sirs:

You are probably right in assuming that a second bout will be demanded and granted, but I question your prophecy that "the fickle fight fans will return to see what Patterson can do."

JEFFERY D. FOX

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sirs:

After reading that 600,000 people shelled out $4 million either in Chicago or via television in 260 theaters for 2:06 of the first round I begin to think that Barnum's sucker birth rate was too low.

I wonder how many of these fans would contribute the same amount for the U.S. Olympic team to go to Tokyo or to help bring the 1968 Olympics to Detroit?

SAMUEL C. MCKEE

Toledo

Sirs:

There's something cockeyed about the wonderful world of sport when a prizefighter can command approximately as much money for a 2-minute 6-second appearance as baseball's immortal Babe Ruth collected for the score of summers during which he entertained countless millions of fans.

E. W. HESSE

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

I saw the fight on theater TV and I for one did not feel cheated. A $4 ticket doesn't entitle the holder to dictate who the winner is to be or in what round a knockout shall occur. No man in his right mind and having knowledge of the ex-champion's previous fights could label the fight a hoax or dive.

LAURENCE A. DROST

Hinesville, Ga.

Sirs:

What a setup! Sonny's by himself on top. Mr. Patterson is sort of an unchallenged V.P. Young Cassius Clay is the Speaker of the House. Then we have Drain Commissioners and more Drain Commissioners.

MICKEY BENGTSON

Marquette, Mich.

Sirs:

Gilbert Rogin's article was tops, but he made a glaring error when he said that Machen and Folley were the *only* two heavyweights of consequence Patterson had never met. This is highly incorrect. One other must be added to the list, Cleveland (The Big Cat) Williams, one of the most feared and avoided punchers in the game today. Only Liston—and Bob Satterfield when Big Cleve was starting out—ever stopped him, and the Cat has kayoed nearly 50 foes, and held Eddie Machen to a draw.

AARON DORN

West Los Angeles

BEATEN TEN

Sirs:

The Big Ten has played five games against teams from the AAWU this year and has yet to win one. If Big Ten football is "the best in the nation," what does that make the West Coast?

ROGER EVANS

Seattle

● See page 20.—ED.

BROKEN RECORDS

Sirs:

I got quite a chuckle out of Father Gagnon's letter about breaking records (19TH HOLE, Oct. 8). And for the simple reason

continued



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that this is what cost the Dodgers the National League championship. They got so interested in breaking season records that they forgot to win the pennant:

Most bases stolen by one man
Most times at bat for a shortstop
Longest nine-inning game on record
Most attendance during a baseball season
Most bases stolen by one team
Pitcher with the most victories
League-leading batter
League leader with runs driven in
Most triples (tied with Pittsburgh)
Most automobiles parked
And, probably, most beer sold

As Grantland Rice might have said:

They aimed to break the record,
They cared not for the Race,
So they broke two dozen records,
And wound up in second place

E. C. BURNS

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

AVERAGE VICTORY

Sirs:

As an Englishman accustomed to following soccer, I was intrigued by the method used to determine the National League pennant winner. In England soccer abandoned the playoff system in 1898 and if a tie on points results at the top of a league the champions are decided by "goal average." The number of goals scored by each team is divided by those it lets in, and the side with the highest resulting value is declared champion. It might be interesting to see whether the Dodgers or the Giants would have won the pennant if we calculated their "run averages."

RICHARD POLLARD

Montreal

● Still the Giants. San Francisco scored a total of 878 runs this season, allowed 690 for a 1.27 average as opposed to the Dodgers' total record of 842 against 697 for an average of 1.21.—ED.

FLASH OF HISTORY

Sirs:

Willie Davis the fastest player ever to perform in the major leagues?

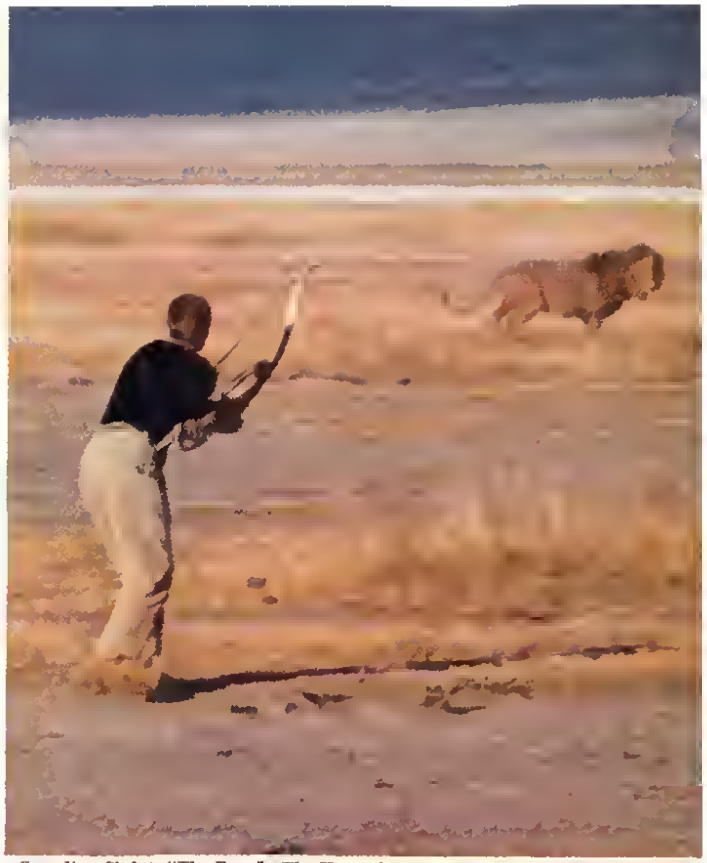
Did Author Tom Brody (*A Snake-sliding Dodger Tries to Steal the Pennant*, Oct. 1) ever see Maurice Archdeacon of the early '20s Chicago White Sox?

A streak little outfielder, "Flash" Archdeacon beat out a larger percentage of infield taps than any man in baseball history. His .333 lifetime batting average was compiled at the expense of an era of supergreat infielders of which the American League is justly proud. Archdeacon's speed exhibitions at circling the bases is never to be forgotten.

C. L. MORGAN

Toledo





Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

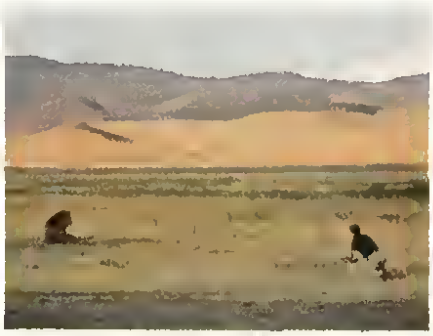
If you like hunting with a sting in it, try to K.O. a lion with a needle!

1. "I'd brought down big cats before, but not with a hypodermic needle," says Don Higley, American friend of Canadian Club. "This was my assignment for an international wild life survey in Tanganyika...to anesthetize wild animals with sleep-producing arrows, then attach tags to their ears so that their movements could be traced. I didn't have long to wait for my prey. It was a lion, looming large as life about a hundred feet from where I crouched. Carefully I aimed my arrow. It flew straight and true... a hit!



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2. "The big cat turned, his eyes glaring with hate. I stood rooted as he took tottering steps toward me. Then suddenly he sank to his haunches, his head lolling. Was he asleep? I had to find out pronto because the tranquilizer was good for only twenty minutes... if that! I started toward him warily.



3. "The cat was out! We blindfolded him as a precaution against harming us if he came to. Then I tagged one ear with a red banding number and the other with a blue cord. Sooner or later he'd brush off the cord. When we found it, we'd know where he roamed. Our job done, we removed the blindfold and took off *fast!*

4. "Later in the day we relaxed at the Lake Manyara Hotel. We enjoyed everyone's favorite whisky—Canadian Club—and relived the day's experience." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club—*the world's lightest whisky*—this very evening.

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